# SHORT STORIES

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*Chickering*] [*Boston.*

"You'd better look out!"

*Next week is my last appearance.*

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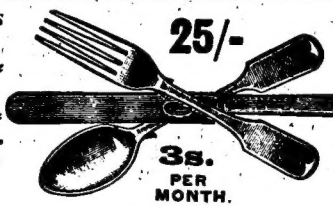

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# SHORT STORIES

No. 689.] [ONE PENNY.

**For the Week Ending March 15th, 1902.**

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# LINK BY LINK.

### The Opening of the Story.

GERALD MORTIMER lives with his widowed mother and a small brother and sister at Moulstone Manor House. A great friend of his is Dr. Branksome, medical attendant at Moulstone Asylum. One night when Gerald is returning from a visit to the doctor, he is encountered by a wild looking woman, in a long blue cloak, who appears to be waiting about for someone. Gerald asks her if he can help her in any way.

"You cannot wait here," he says; "it is nearly midnight, and you are cold and weary. Come with me to my mother's house till morning."

"No, no, no! My place is here. I must wait."

"But you will be better for a rest," he urges. "Come with me!"

Her mood demands silence and solitude, and she does not reply. Instead she swings round with sudden quickness and passes through the gate on to the common beyond. Then, at a pace that surprises Gerald Mortimer, she speeds along the cart-track. He starts to follow, but loses all trace of her in a thick wood.

At breakfast the next morning, news reaches the Manor House that one of the asylum patients has escaped. Gerald at once thinks of the woman he met on the previous night, but learns that the missing person is a man.

Nina Penhurst, governess to the Mortimer children, meets Gerald in the garden, after he has been to the asylum to tell Dr. Branksome of his previous night's encounter, and learns further particulars of the missing patient from him. Gerald tells Nina that the man thought he had been cheated out of some property, and that his name was Anthony, not Felix.

"Felix—Anthony—he thinks his name is Anthony—Anthony what?" she asks.

"Cordelvin—Anthony Cordelvin."

Nina Penhurst looks up quickly as Gerald Mortimer uttered the name. Then she makes as though to step forward. Her lips form for speech, but she can utter no word. Her beautiful eyes change in a moment their look of clear intelligence for one of awesome vacancy. She sways where she stands—sways to the left and the right. A moment more and she would have fallen, but Gerald Mortimer steps to her side just in time to catch her, as her senses leaving her she falls forward in a dead swoon.

In a back street in Whitechapel lives a broken down doctor, Ephraim Manisty by name. The night after the escape from Moulstone Asylum, he is visited by a man giving the name of Causton, who offers him a fee of £1,000 to amputate the left arm of a friend of his at Streatham. Manisty consents.

As the doctor opens the door on his way out, a soft sound as of someone moving away falls on their ears—a sound as of rustling skirts.

"What was that?" asks Mr. Causton.

"I don't know—probably some poor outcast resting on the step," replied Dr. Manisty.

They get into the cab, which had been waiting near a coffee-stall at the corner of the street. But neither notice a tall, gaunt figure, clothed in a faded dark-blue cloak, hiding in the shadows of the houses. Nor do they know, as they rattle quickly back towards the city, that fifty yards behind them is another cab, bearing the same weird figure.

When Manisty sees his patient he finds that nothing is the matter with his left arm, but on Causton threatening to shoot him if he does not perform the operation, he consents to do it.

After the operation the doctor receives nine notes of one hundred pounds each. He clutches them quickly, and thrusts them into his pocket without even counting them and leaves the house.

A week later, Nina Penhurst and her two young charges, Harold and Gladys Mortimer, are out for a walk, during which they visit the ruins of Monkstone Castle. While the children are playing, Gerald comes on the scene, and declares his love for Nina. She says she cannot accept it, but gives no reason. Just at this moment a cry of distress is heard from Harold. Gerald rushes to the spot, and there finds that the boy has discovered the dead body of a man dressed in Asylum clothes, with his left arm missing, it having been clumsily amputated.

Telling Harold to say nothing about the discovery, he hurries Miss Penhurst and the children off home, and then rushes away to the asylum to see Dr. Branksome. His intimacy with Dr. Branksome is close enough to render announcement unnecessary, and in a short space of time he bursts into the doctor's room.

"Branksome!" he gasps, "I have just found a dead man!"

"Good Heavens, man! Where?"

"Under a wall in the ruins of Moulstone Castle. It is an old man dressed in asylum clothes."

"Asylum clothes—then it is Cordelvin, who escaped last week."

"Yes; that is what I thought. His face is somewhat disfigured, and he has only one arm!"

"One arm—but Cordelvin had two—I don't understand."

He turned to the wall and rang a bell.

"There is a mystery—a strange mystery," he said to Gerald. Then to the servant who appeared, he added:

"Tell Beasley to get a stretcher party ready immediately to accompany me to the Castle ruins."

A little later Beasley and three other warders, bearing a stretcher between them, were on their way with Gerald Mortimer and Dr. Branksome to the fateful spot.

## CHAPTER V.
### The Disappearance of Nina Penhurst.

"Well, Branksome, and what's the result of your examination?" queried Gerald Mortimer three or four hours later. They were once more in the doctor's room.

Dr. Branksome knocked out the ashes of his pipe and then answered slowly:

"This is a most extraordinary case!"

"In what particular way?"

"Well, in the first place, the amputation of his left arm. It isn't the result of a regular surgical operation at all. The arm has simply been roughly amputated by a layman."

"Good Heavens!"

"Yes; it is startling, isn't it? Furthermore, a mole which Cordelvin had upon his neck before he escaped has been branded off, branded by a hot iron. There has been foul play. Some enemy has been at this ghastly work."

"But a motive for an enemy? Who on earth could have sought to avenge himself on a poor madman in this diabolical fashion?"

The doctor puffed at his newly-filled pipe.

"You remember that woman whom you met?" he said.

"The woman in the blue cloak?" Gerald said quickly. "No, Branksome, that won't do. I think you're quite out there. She was eccentric, I admit; but she seemed so timid, so shrinking; her face was so full of suffering. No, no; she could never have done a thing like this."

Dr. Branksome shrugged his shoulders.

"You may be right," he remarked, "but in these cases personal appearances are the worst things of all to judge by. In any case, the woman told you she was waiting for *somebody*, and it's curious that Cordelvin disappeared the same night. A minor detail, but still a curious one is that the woman, when she left you, made off in the direction of the very place where the dead man was found."

They talked on for some time, and then Gerald rose to go. The morbid excitement of the day had had its effect upon his nerves, and his feelings as he walked homeward were of acute depression. Out of the chaos of gloomy thoughts regarding the tragedy, there arose in his mind the remembrance of his talk with Nina Penhurst that morning. The recollection even of that, though it lifted him out of the slough of tragic contemplation, brought with it its own peculiar sadness. Why had Nina refused to listen to his protestations of love? That she loved him in return he felt sure. Her eyes, her demeanour, her incautious and qualifying words, all had betrayed that. And yet if she loved him, why had she repelled him? Perhaps, after all, it was but her girlish coyness born of their too brief acquaintance, which had dictated her conduct. At all events, he would speak to her again; he must speak to her again—that very night.

Afternoon tea was brought in almost as soon as he arrived home. But Nina Penhurst was not present.

"She has gone to her room for an hour—she complained of a bad headache," Mrs. Mortimer explained in answer to Gerald's inquiry. "This dreadful discovery which she was so near sharing with you seems to have completely upset her. She suffers from headache a good deal, you know; but it always goes off in an hour or two. She'll be down to dinner."

But Miss Penhurst was not down to dinner. Seven o'clock arrived, and still she put in no appearance. A maid, sent promptly to her room, reported that Miss Penhurst was not there. A rapid search through the house and grounds revealed no sign of her presence. A strange, unfathomable feeling induced Gerald to put on his coat and hat.

"I'll go into the village," he remarked with unreal calmness; "perhaps she's gone shopping."

The village street produced no sign of Nina. Only Mr. Seddon the butcher gave him the slightest clue.

"I couldn't say for sure, sir," he told Gerald, "but I fancy I see the young lady pass two or three hours ago. She carried a small bag with her, sir, and might have been goin' to the station."

To the station went Gerald on the wings of the wind.

"Miss Penhurst, sir?" replied the station-master. "Yes, I saw her go by train this afternoon. Jim"—this to a porter—"what train did Miss Penhurst go by to-day?"

"Miss Penhurst," replied Jim, with a finger to his head; "she went by the 4.10 to Charing Cross, sir!"

The words of the railway porter startled Gerald as they fell upon his ears. In the sum total of Nina Penhurst's action there was, of course, nothing to be surprised at. It was easily conceivable that she might have received an urgent message to proceed to London, and, in any case, she was free to go if she chose.

But why had she departed so unceremoniously from Mrs. Mortimer's household? Why had she, as it were, stolen away, and caught the first train up to London? These were the thoughts that rose unbidden to Gerald's brain, only to be smothered as they framed themselves. For, to question the conduct of the girl to whom he had declared his love only that morning, seemed like sacrilege—seemed like introducing poisonous suspicion where he knew full well there was nothing but complete and sacred trust. Perhaps, he reasoned, there might be an explanatory telegram even now, awaiting his perusal when he arrived home. But there was not. Mrs. Mortimer had not heard a word. On the contrary, she looked up as her son entered, eager for information herself.

"Well," she asked gently, "any news?"

"Miss Penhurst has gone to London," Gerald replied, with a great effort at calmness; "she went by the 4.10."

"Gone to London?"

"Yes; why not, mother?" Gerald answered testily, annoyed that his mother's reception of the news should coincide with his own. "Surely she is entitled to go to London if she pleases."

"Yes, yes, Gerald, I know. But to go without a word; to steal away—to—why has she gone?"

"My dear mother, how on earth should I know?"

"No, of course not. But it's strange—very strange. I wonder if I made a mistake in not taking more trouble about her references when she came here?"

The last words were spoken in a low voice, almost to herself. But they did not fail to fall upon Gerald's alert ears. He looked up sharply.

"What do you mean, mother? Do you quite know what you are saying?"

Mrs. Mortimer glanced quickly at her son.

"You are very irritable and rude to-night, Gerald," she observed quietly.

"You make me! You are so suspicious. Simply because Nina Penhurst absents herself for a few hours, you begin 'wondering' about her references!"

"Well, you know I took her solely on the recommendation of a lady in London, who may possibly not——"

"Not exist!" finished Gerald, rising and pacing the room in his irritation; "say it, mother—say it right out! Say that she's a fraud! Good Heavens! how you women distrust one another."

Mrs. Mortimer did not reply for a moment. She disliked anything resembling a quarrel, and she could see that Gerald was angry and ill at ease.

"I am not suspicious of Miss Penhurst, and I certainly do not think her a fraud," she remarked quietly, after the pause; "I merely said that I thought her conduct in going to London very strange." With which bit of truly feminine casuistry, the discussion for the time ended.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### In which Gerald Mortimer Steals and Destroys a Certain Letter.

Although Mrs. Mortimer's comments on the disappearance of Miss Penhurst were indicative of only mild suspicion, the same reticence was not observable among the inhabitants of Moulstone the next morning.

The news had got about as such things do, and the disappearance of the governess was made into a peg on which to hang some very serious suspicions indeed.

In an ordinary English village so few exciting incidents occur, that, when one does, it is seized upon with an eagerness rarely noticeable in towns. And when two strange things happen on the same day, it is almost inevitable that the gap dividing them will be bridged over, and a connection established between the two, if such a thing be at all possible.

Now the ghastly discovery of a dead man among the castle ruins had set the gossiping tongues of Moulstone wagging as they had not wagged for years; and when, on the top of that, came the report of Miss Penhurst's disappearance, all previous local records of gossiping went by the board. The inquest on the discovered body, held that particular morning, had divulged the fact that the dead and mutilated man had been a victim of strychnia poisoning, and a verdict of "Murder by a person or persons unknown" had been duly returned. Upon hearing which, the inhabitants of Moulstone, almost to a man, had construed Nina Penhurst's disappearance into a "flight," and with one accord had jumped to the conclusion that the "murder" and "flight" were a most obvious matter of cause and effect.

"I was one o' the last to see 'er," remarked old Asher Seddon, the butcher, to a few cronies in the bar-parlour of "The Plough," that morning; "p'raps *the* last, barrin' the railway folks. I see 'er a-'urryin' past, opposite my shop, fer all the world—as I told Mr. Gerald Mortimer last night—like a thief."

Asher Seddon had told Mr. Gerald Mortimer nothing of the sort, but subsequent events had quickened his imagination.

"Like a thief, eh, Asher?—you see 'er 'urryin' like a thief, did ye now—Ah!" observed William Loppidge, the landlord, with the keenest interest apparent in his manner. "And you told Mr. Gerald that?"

"Miss Penhurst," replied Jim, with a finger to his head; "she went by the 4.10 to Charing Cross, sir."

"I did, William. 'You don't 'appen to ev seen Miss Penhurst pass 'ere?' sez Mr. Gerald. 'But I *do* 'appen to ev seen 'er,' I sez; 'I see 'er in the dusk,' I sez, 'a-makin' fer the station fer all the world like a thief.' Them was my very words." And Asher Seddon drowned whatever qualms his unveracious statements may have caused in the pint pot before him.

"She was dressed quiet, and only carried a bit of a bag wi' 'er," the butcher continued, waxing eloquent as he observed how closely his audience followed his every word. "And she was a-'urryin' that quick, you know, that I sez to myself, 'There's summat wrong,' I sez, 'summat grievous wrong, as sure as my beef ain't mutton.' 'Ow true my words ev come you all know

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now, and if she don't know more about this murder than she'd care to tell—well, I'm done!"

He took another pull at his tankard as he concluded, buried his clenched fists deep in his pockets, pressed his lips together firmly, and shook his head sagely. His listeners in their turn took pulls at their tankards and shook their heads sagely. All except one, a sturdy, sandy-whiskered man of about forty, who sat smoking his clay pipe in dignified silence in the corner.

He was the village constable, at this moment off duty, and dressed in plain clothes.

"And what might be your opinion of it all, Mr. Gupsey?" inquired the landlord after a pause, turning to where the policeman sat.

The constable took a couple of dignified puffs at his pipe before replying.

"If so be as I was one of yourselves," he remarked a little severely, "I might have *opinions*. As a hofficer of the law I ask for *facks*. I'll allow as there's a certain amount of theory about Mr. Seddon's evidence, so to speak. She was dressed quiet, he sez, and that shows me she wished to escape observation. The bag, again, was small, which signified—what? That she was in an 'urry. Oh, yes, there's theory in what Mr. Seddon sez—that is, to a trained mind," and the constable cocked a thumb towards his head, as who should say that therein was contained a very highly-trained mind indeed. "But," continued the officer, and in the qualifying conjunction there was an infinity of significance—"theory ain't good enough, because it ain't facks. Howsomever, theory in this case may develop into facks, and then—why, we shall be under the painful necess'ty o' puttin' the 'andcuffs on 'er pretty wrists." And Police-constable Gupsey crossed his own hands in appropriate pantomime.

Such was the talk in Moulstone at this particular time, and it was little wonder that the long and mischievous tongue of gossip should penetrate to the home of the Mortimers. It did, sure enough, and to such purpose that, finding herself that afternoon once more alone with her son, and with Miss Penhurst's absence the sole theme of their talk, Mrs. Mortimer gave utterance to the significant query:

"Gerald, do you know what they are saying?"

The young man (his whole soul in agony with the dull ache of suspense regarding the absence of his loved one, and his temper attuned to that degree of irritability which is generally the accompaniment of blighted love) looked up quickly.

"What who are saying?" he demanded; "and about what?"

"What the people are saying about—about Miss Penhurst. I should have thought you would have heard."

"I have spoken scarcely a word to anybody to-day—what are they saying? How dare they say anything about—Miss Penhurst?"

Gerald's manner was one of fierce indignation. His mother hesitated a moment, then replied quietly:

"People will talk, you know—they are connecting Miss Penhurst's absence with——" She caught sight of her son's raised eyes, and stopped.

"Well," he demanded sternly, "out with it, mother! What are they connecting her absence with?"

There was no refusing his peremptory demand, no temporising with a son who looked as he looked then. She concluded her sentence.

"They are connecting her absence with the murder of the man at the asylum," she said.

Gerald leapt out of his chair.

"Then they are a lot of fools!" he fumed, "or worse; and they who give credence to such talk are encouraging the vilest of slanders. You, mother, surprise me to the utmost by repeating such a gross calumny."

"But I merely——"

He waved her interruption aside hastily.

"There is no excuse," he pursued; "no excuse whatever. However strange Miss Penhurst's absence may seem, it has nothing to do with—with the other affair. Do you hear, mother?" he cried fiercely; "nothing to do with it whatever. . . . Yes, come in!" The last words were in answer to a knock on the door. A servant entered, a trifle excitedly, with a letter.

"For Mrs. Mortimer," she explained, as Gerald darted eagerly forward and seized it. The maid moved to the fireplace, taking up the hearth-brush, and made as though to linger.

"Don't wait now, Mary," Mrs. Mortimer said, in answer to a quick sign from her son; "you can do that presently."

The door opened and shut behind the servant.

"It's for you, mother," Gerald whispered, passing the letter eagerly, "and it's from her—from Miss Penhurst!"

Mrs. Mortimer seized the missive, tore open the envelope, and unfolded the sheet of paper it contained. As she quickly scanned the writing, her brow contracted, and her eyes looked troubled. The letter fell to her side, and she looked towards the window.

"Mother, what is it? What does she say?" Gerald burst out. "Can't you see I am in suspense? May I look at the letter?"

He took it from her unresisting hand. It contained but a few lines. This is what he read:

> "Dear Mrs. Mortimer,—I can never hope you will forgive me for my ingratitude in going away as I have done, after all your great kindness to me. But believe me when I say that to go was my only course. Some day, when perchance you may know all, you will pity me. Meanwhile, I pray you and all at the Manor House, to think the best of me you can. If I give you no reasons and offer no excuses for my strange conduct, remember it is because circumstances are such that I cannot. For me silence seems the best—nay, the only course. Good-bye for ever. Let my prayer be that if you cannot forgive, you will try to forget
>
> "Nina Penhurst."

There was no date—no address. Only the postmark was there to show that it had been dispatched from "London, W.C."

Gerald read it through and through. As he read, the words of the letter seemed to dance before his sight: everything in the room whirled round and round. His mother spoke.

"What do you think of it, Gerald—isn't it a very strange letter?" she asked.

But Gerald did not answer. He had set down the letter with quavering hand, and had walked, or rather staggered, to the door. His face was white; his mouth rigid; his eyes fixed in a stony stare. He spoke without turning as he reached the door.

"I shall be back later," he said, and disappeared. He was out of the house in three or four seconds; out of the grounds a minute later, in the quiet and seclusion of a lane. Why he was here he did not realise. He realised nothing. Instinct alone had driven him outdoors; an inherent, unthought out desire for coolness to beat upon his fevered head—and to be alone. His mind was in a turmoil, his mental impressions in a mad, seething jumble. He walked on and on, at first with no end in view, yet wanting everything—comfort of soul. Then gradually, as the keen January air met his face, his mind grew cooler, his thoughts more coherent. The words of that letter recurred to him again and again. They seemed burnt into his brain.

"If I give no reasons and offer no excuses for my strange conduct, remember it is because *circumstances are such that I cannot. For me silence seems the best—nay, the only course.*"

What did it all mean? Why did his own thoughts italicise those special phrases? Why did he instinctively

conjure up a connection between them and his mother's account of the current village gossip? Even as he thought, he tried to strangle the vile suspicion that would come. He called himself and thought himself base, and yet by some strange freak of mental volition, suspicion came persistently, seemingly in opposition to the will.

"Why does foul suspicion arise when I know there is no ground for it? Oh, Nina, my love, my love, why have you gone, why have you gone from me?"

He had walked quite a distance by now, and was only recalled to himself by the sight of the asylum gates, at which he had unwittingly arrived. He passed in. Something new might have occurred since the morning. In any case a chat with his friend Dr. Branksome would afford him mental relief. By the time he had turned off from the broad gravel drive and traversed the side path leading to the doctor's apartments, he had recovered control of himself.

There was little sign of his recent agitation, as, for the second time that day, he met his friend.

"Well," he inquired, "any more developments?"

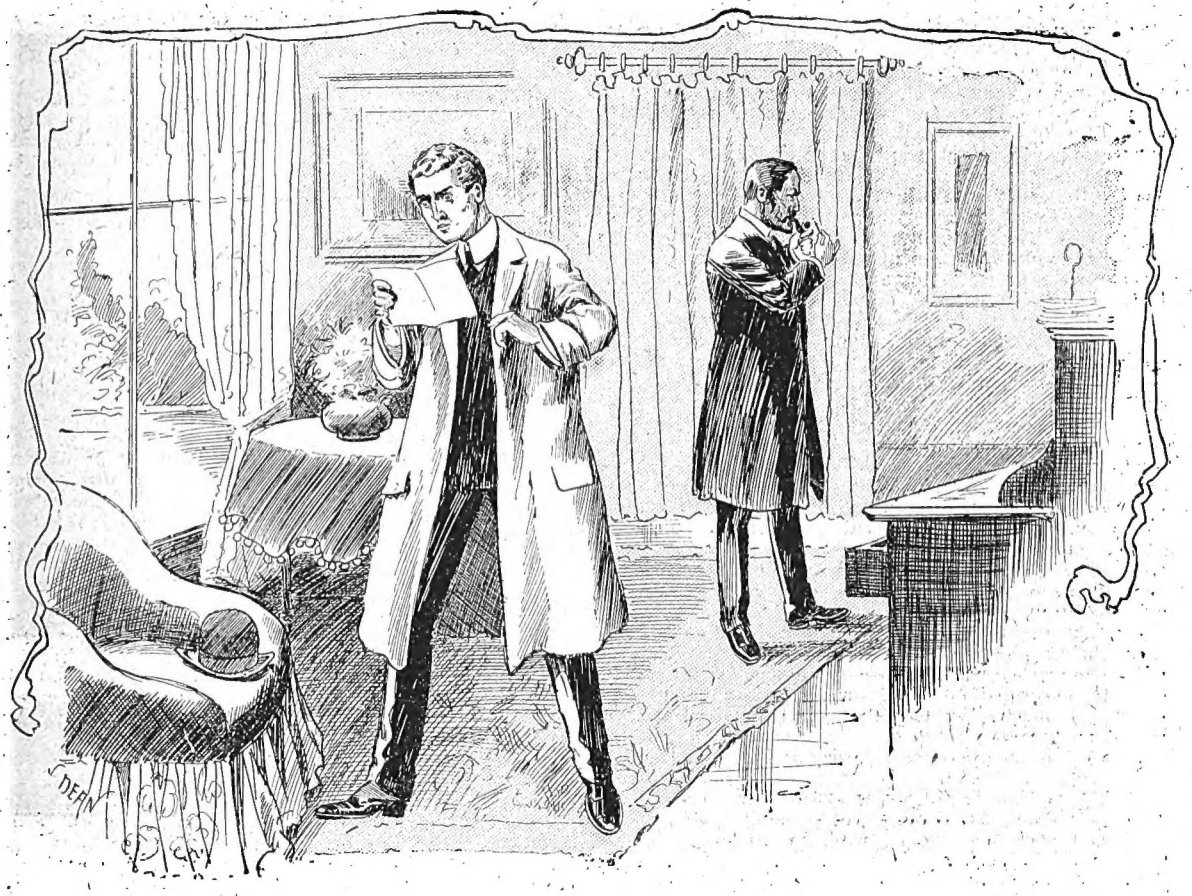
Dr. Branksome stepped across to a desk in a corner of the room. "Yes," he said, as he pulled open a drawer, "I've just received a letter!"

"A letter?"

"Yes; an anonymous letter which may afford a clue. It is addressed to me, and it comes from London. This is what it says:

"'The writer is unacquainted with the rules of Moulstone Asylum, but knowing of the discovery of the body of Felix Cordelvin, is anxious that no difficulty shall arise with regard to the burial. The writer, therefore, begs to inclose the sum of twenty pounds to defray expenses of the same, and to obviate the necessity of parish assistance.'

"There, what do you think of that?"



Perhaps it was well for Gerald that he was unobserved as he looked at the sheet of paper. For, as he did so he turned pale and his legs trembled under him.

"Who sends it?" asked Gerald.

"My dear chap, that's for the police to discover. I've already told you it's anonymous. There's no address, but there's twenty pounds—in bank-notes, observe—and, as the advertising pugilists say, money talks. But here's the note—see if you're detective enough to gather anything from it. I say it's a woman's writing."

He handed the letter to Gerald as he spoke, and turned away to light his pipe while the latter perused it. Perhaps it was well for Gerald that he was unobserved as he looked at the sheet of paper. For, as he did so, he turned pale, and his legs trembled under him. With a great effort he controlled himself.

"It's rather queer," was all he remarked, as he handed the letter back to the doctor.

Branksome replaced the letter in his desk.

"I have great hopes," he said, as he closed the drawer, "that it will afford a clue to the police. It's from a woman, don't you—— Oh! hullo?"

His words had been interrupted by the sudden opening of the door.

"Excuse me, Branksome," observed a young man in spectacles, pushing the door half open, "didn't know you were engaged; but that chap you were examining this morning has gone off in another fit, and I don't quite know what to make of him."

"All right, Myers, I'll come with you," Dr. Branksome replied. "Excuse me, Mortimer—I shall be back in a few minutes." And he departed with his medical colleague.

With eyes almost starting from his head Gerald gazed for a moment at the door as it closed behind the two doctors. Then his hands sought his throbbing temples.

"From her!" he gasped; "from Nina! Heavens, and Branksome is going to hand the letter over to the police. No, no, he must not! She is innocent—I swear she is innocent; but this anonymous letter in the hands of the police! No, they must not have it."

He stepped to the desk as he spoke, pulled out the drawer with trembling hand, and once more held the letter.

"Nina's handwriting!" he whispered hoarsely to himself, "there's no doubt of that. Fortunately, Branksome is unable to recognise it. Nobody else must see it!" He sprang towards the bright fire, and, bending down, thrust the letter among the living coals.

Then as he watched the greedy flames swallow the incriminating sheet of paper, he rose erect, and murmured:

"Thank Heaven!"

But directly he had completed the destruction, the full significance of the act rushed upon him. Branksome would be back presently, and then—what would happen? His friend would miss the letter, would question him about it! What could he say? He could not admit his guilt. To do so would be to strengthen the doctor's suspicion against the writer of the letter. And he could not face his friend Branksome at this moment with a lie on his lips. He must have time to think out a course of conduct. He must go before Branksome returned. Merely waiting to leave a brief message of regret with a servant, he left the room, and a minute or two later was striding towards the Manor House.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "Alive and Well, and Good for Another Twenty Years."

In the library of Sycamore House, the old mansion on Streatham Hill, to which we have been already introduced, sat two men. One was a tall, broadly-built, and well-preserved man of about fifty, whose clean-shaven face might have been handsome but for the unusual thinness of drooping lips, which gave to it a hard and somewhat sinister appearance.

"Well, Stephen," he remarked to his younger companion, "everything has turned out very well, my son."

The younger man fidgeted in his chair, while his dark, shifty eyes roved around the room apprehensively.

"At present," he replied, "but the thing isn't complete, is it?"

"Why, what more would you have?" inquired the older man. "Is not Anthony Cordelvin alive and well, and so long as he lives have I not the administration of his estate? What more would you have?"

The young man continued to gaze about him uneasily.

"I was thinking of the risk—" he began.

"Risk! Bah! From whom did you inherit that chicken heart of yours, Stephen? I've provided against all risk."

"But there's that doctor—that fellow Manisty. He might—"

"Oh, he won't talk, if that's what you're going to say. He has everything to lose by talking, and nothing whatever to gain. He saw me with a false beard on, and wouldn't recognise me now. And he doesn't know me except under the name of Causton. Moreover, my son, you ought to know by this time that Roderick Vanstone is no fool. I have arranged the whole of this business thoroughly." He paused a minute and puffed at the cigar he was smoking. Then he repeated, looking at his son:

"Yes, I have arranged this business with absolute thoroughness. It took me a long time to plan out the affair, and longer still to execute it. But it's done now. All the trouble might have been saved if you had married that girl."

"Now look here, guv'nor, why do you put it that way? You know I tried my hardest to persuade her."

"H'm, and the fair Nina Penhurst refused you, and rather than endure what she styled your 'persecutions,' bolted from this place and the protection of myself—her lawful guardian. Ah well! I can't help it. She's of age now, and I've no control over her."

"And some day she'll inherit the whole of the Cordelvin property?"

The elder man eyed his son quizzingly.

"Yes," he replied drily; "*some* day. But not during the life of her relative, Anthony Cordelvin. So long as he lives, I administer the estate on his behalf. That was so arranged by the testator because Anthony was mentally incapable of administering it himself."

"I wonder what Nina Penhurst, as next heir, would think if she knew the condition of the estate as administered by her estimable and high-principled guardian, Roderick Vanstone," remarked the younger man cynically.

Roderick Vanstone looked up quickly.

"No sarcasm, Stephen," he said severely; "it comes from you with a very ill grace. Remember, that whatever I have done has been for your sake; you've shared in—in——"

"The plunder!" finished Stephen. "Well, I suppose I have, and I oughtn't to complain. But what a bust-up there'll be some day when Anthony Cordelvin dies, and the solicitors of the next heir examine the estate. What a lot of money there will be unaccounted for."

"Hush, Stephen! Don't talk so loudly." He paused a moment, and then added with stern emphasis: "Anthony Cordelvin mustn't die—he's good for another twenty years."

"Thanks to the—" began Stephen; but the other raised a warning finger, and said:

"I know what you would say; but don't say it. Remember, it is a compact never to mention a certain incident, or rather chain of incidents, even between ourselves." A bead of perspiration was on Roderick Vanstone's forehead as he spoke, though his words were quietly uttered.

"All right, guv'nor, don't get excited. I'm only to remember that Anthony Cordelvin is alive—a poor, demented man, it is true—but alive and well, eh?"

"That's it, my son. Alive and well, and good for another twenty years. Ha! ha!"

And the two exchanged a smile in which there was a whole world of mystery and ghastly significance. Then, lapsing into silence, they puffed softly at their cigars, and fell, each in his own particular way, to thinking.

Roderick Vanstone's thoughts were of the long past—of a period twenty years before. In those old days he had been in practice as a solicitor, and among his clients he had numbered old Mark Cordelvin, a City merchant of vast wealth, and extreme eccentricity of

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character. Years before he had known the old merchant, the latter had married, and had had a son born to him, his wife dying shortly afterwards. In the son, whom he named Anthony, all his fondest hopes and aspirations were centred. Judge, then, of his intense sorrow and chagrin when he discovered that as young Anthony grew up, he gave unmistakable signs of mental decrepitude. With the years his limbs developed, but his brain gave but little indication of growth or increased capability.

Although mortified and bitterly disappointed, old Mark Cordelvin would not hear of having his imbecile son sent away to any institution. He kept him beneath his own roof, tending him with every care, and surrounding him with every comfort and luxury that money could buy.

Later on in his life, when his son was a grown man of thirty, there came into old Mark's care and guardianship the orphaned and infant daughter of one of his few surviving relatives. Eccentric as the old man was, little Nina Penhurst, as she grew to comprehend, had nothing but the tenderest affection for him, and the day on which he died was the bitterest she had ever realised in all her young life. When old Mark Cordelvin's will came to be read, it was found that, apart from a few comparatively unimportant legacies, the whole of his property had been bequeathed to his son Anthony for the remainder of his life, the whole passing, upon his death, into the sole possession of Nina Penhurst.

During Anthony's life, in consequence of his enfeebled mental condition, it was provided that old Mark's lawyer, Roderick Vanstone, should administer the estate and assume the guardianship of little Nina Penhurst. Which provision had been duly carried out, with the result that Roderick Vanstone had manipulated the accounts of the estate, entirely to his own advantage. During the period of his ward's sojourn with him, his son, and Anthony Cordelvin, a violent antipathy to her had been engendered in the breast of the imbecile, a feeling which, for purposes of his own, Roderick Vanstone had done his best to foster. At the same time, he had striven with might and main to bring about feelings of affection on the part of Nina for his son Stephen, his ultimate idea being a marriage between the two. The upshot of all which was that he had awoke one morning in the old house on Streatham Hill, to find that Nina Penhurst had gone, leaving a brief note behind her, to the effect that she would never return.

So ran Roderick Vanstone's train of thought as he sat silently smoking in company with his son—a train of thought that culminated with a further contemplation in detail to "a certain incident, or rather chain of incidents "of which he had so recently forbidden his son to expatiate.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Woman in the Blue Cloak Again.

The brain of Gerald Mortimer was in a whirl as he strode homeward from the asylum. The exciting events of the past few days—the discovery of the dead man, Nina's flight, his own strange encounter with the woman in the blue cloak, recurred to his mind with maddening reiteration. The gossip of the villagers came back to him, and with it the recollection of the strange letter from Nina Penhurst to his mother, which lent colour to brooding suspicion. And then that other—the anonymous letter, addressed to Dr. Branksome, which he had just stolen and destroyed—why, oh, why, had all these circumstances combined to make him doubt his beloved?

Gerald shivered as he mentally reviewed the whole affair, striving to do so deliberately and coolly. No, no; he could not doubt Nina! It was impossible, when he recalled her good and gentle nature.

But though he might not doubt, others would, and those letters were serious—he shivered again as he thought of the phrase—pieces of evidence against her. Well, thank goodness, one letter was out of the way, and he must manage to get possession of the other.

Meantime, in his present state of mind, he could not remain in Moulstone. He felt he must do something. To search for Nina Penhurst in London was hopeless. Besides, he had no right; she had refused to give him the right to be solicitous on her behalf. Yet, at any moment, danger might threaten her. The gathering suspicion might grow, and the authorities might "take steps." If danger threatened her he must be near to avert it if possible. Moreover, for a few days he must keep out of Branksome's way, to avoid awkward inquiries about that letter. He would go to London that night.

He announced his intention to his mother as soon as he arrived home.

"Going to London to-night, Gerald?" she said surprised, "but I thought you weren't going till next week."

"I find I've some business to do, mother," he rejoined; "business that will not wait."

His mother looked at him keenly, as he spoke with forced calmness, but she loved her son too well to provoke him by pressing the matter further.

"Mother," he said, as a few minutes later he stood ready to depart, "have you that letter from Miss Penhurst?"

Mrs. Mortimer, surprised at the abruptness of the question, replied: "Yes; it's in my desk."

"I want you to give it me," he said, and then, seeing her questioning hesitation, added: "No, mother, don't ask me why I want it, but give it me."

She crossed over to her desk, withdrew the letter, and handed it to him without a word.

"Now, my dear mother," he whispered, as he bent down and kissed her good-bye, "I have one more request to make. Don't mention anything about this letter to a soul! Do you hear, mother darling? Nobody must know that you ever received it! Promise!"

His earnestness filled her with wonderment and vague dread, but she did not question. She simply promised what he asked her. A moment later and he was gone.

The evening was well advanced when Gerald alighted from the train at Charing Cross. Outside the station he immediately chartered a cab and drove to his chambers, the Law Courts' clock striking nine just as the vehicle turned into Middle Temple Lane. Nobody having been apprised of his coming, he found his chambers dark and cold, and he merely waited a few minutes ere setting out for the Strand with the idea of getting supper.

That meal over, he lit a cigar and walked out into the street. His mind was too pre-occupied to allow him to take note of where he walked, and pure chance took him on to the Embankment. A fog was coming up from the river as he strolled slowly along, absently gazing over the parapet towards the murky waters. But neither fog nor cold affected him on this night. He was thinking—trying to fashion a plan of action upon which to embark on the morrow. He must find Nina Penhurst: that, at any rate, he was decided on. But how? In this mighty maze of London he might search for a year—for ten years—without result.

"Please excuse me, but could you tell me whereabouts the Temple Station is?"

Gerald swerved round at the words.

"I know it is close by," the voice pursued, "but owing to the fog I am not quite sure where it is."

Gerald did not reply. He tried to, but instead he gasped out an exclamation.

For the voice that addressed him was the voice of a woman. And the woman was the woman with the blue cloak!

*(To be continued.)*

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# At the Concert.

## How the Troxtons were Reconciled.

"It has been a mistake," said Nathan Troxton. "It has been a bitter mistake. I cannot see how either of us ever made it. But the sooner we retrieve it the better. Perhaps, after all, I have not quite ruined your life, though you seem to think that I have. As for myself, I defy you to ruin my life. No woman shall do that, or man either!"

"Oh, no!" interposed his wife scornfully, "no one could ruin your life. You are too independent and too selfish. One could lavish one's best love on you and you would never know it. One could hate you and you would not care. I have been angry and out of sympathy with you for weeks at a time, and you did not even suspect it. I'm tired to the soul of living with a galvanised mummy."

"Of course," responded Troxton smilingly, "you naturally would be. Therefore, let us separate without further delay. A divorce is not necessary. I shall have no further use for matrimony, and as for you, I know your scruples much too well to think that you would ever be the wife of another man during my lifetime. Now, I have a proposition to make."

"Yes."

"Let one of us take the child and the other the home. You are to choose. If you take Claribel, then leave me the books and pictures and the other things we have cared for. If you choose the home I will take our daughter and go. The offer is, perhaps, not a generous one. It is not chivalrous. I ought to offer you the home and the child. But I see no reason for being more than just. I have been as unfortunate as you, and see no reason for despoiling myself of everything."

Mary Troxton looked about her at the familiar, beautiful room. The fire danced in the great fireplace; the pictures she and her husband had selected together looked at her from the walls; her chair stood in its accustomed place by the reading-table. Beyond, in the dining-room, she caught the gleam of the china and crystal she had enthusiastically selected in happier days. The beauty and the associations of these material things called to her with a thousand tempting voices. Her face grew white.

"I will take the child," she said. "I choose Claribel."

The next morning, leading her eight-year-old daughter by the hand, she opened the door of her house for the last time. At the ultimate moment she turned and looked back upon her land of lost delights.

"What a pity that we hate each other," she said to her husband. "It is so inconvenient!"

"Isn't it!" he assented. He bowed her out. The latch snapped behind her. She walked to the pavement, holding the little girl by the hand. One more look backward escaped her, and she gave a sharp cry.

"My home, my home!" she said.

"Mamma, you hurt my hand so," sobbed Claribel. "Why do you talk so? I don't want to go walking. I want to go back to the nursery and play with my dolls."

Inside the house a man flung himself, face downward, upon a couch and cried:

"My little girl! My little girl! How am I going to live without my little girl?"

* * * * *

Ten years later Mary Troxton and her daughter entered the Queen's Hall one Friday afternoon for the pleasure of listening to a concert by a celebrated orchestra. Mary Troxton walked with the independent step of one who is in the habit of walking alone. There was a clear and sad light in her grey eyes. Her brow had grown loftier than it had been in the days of her youth. Dignity and patience and kindliness spoke in her every feature. As she moved along in her violet-coloured garments, no woman in the audience that day, young or old, had a personality so appealing and so picturesque.

About her young daughter there appeared to be something unfulfilled. The face wore an expression of longing—not the vague and enchanting restlessness of a young girl, but something suggestive of more definite regret and deprivation. With the frank disregard of beauty which the young can afford to assume, the girl had costumed herself in black. Black plumes shaded her face; her little chin was hidden in her sombre furs, and the delicate hand with which she pressed down her chair was gloved in black.

This slender hand caught the casual glance of a gentleman occupying the next seat, and he followed it with his eyes till it rested on the owner's lap. Still its fragile contour held him, as if it awakened memories, and he sat staring at it idly, with no care, apparently, to lift his eyes higher.

He was a man of middle age, prematurely grey, with a serious and intellectual face, and the manner of one who is weary with too much work or responsibility.

It was not till after the music had begun and one of the too obvious descriptive symphonies of a certain modern composer began to make its insistent way into the comprehension of the audience, that he chose to lift his his eyes. When he beheld the face of the young girl next him a strange and comprehending light stole into his face, and his fixed regard caused the girl to return his look.

For a moment perplexity had its way with her. Then an expression of awe—almost fright—appeared in her eyes. Then, quietly and naturally, the two knew

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themselves for father and daughter, meeting after ten years.

There was no need for Claribel's soft pressure on her mother's arm to make her acquainted with the fact that Nathan Troxton sat there beside them. She had noticed him when she stood in the aisle waiting for her daughter to precede her. A mist clouded her sight, and it seemed to her for a moment as if death were actually knocking at her house of life. But she forced herself to calmness and seated herself.

It was fate, no doubt. From the day she had left her own home she had not lived in London. For a time she and her daughter had known peaceful English country life; for years she had lived in a quiet, beautiful Sussex village, where Claribel had attended school. For the first time she had returned to London. What likelihood, she had asked herself, was there of meeting Nathan Troxton in a city of five million souls? Yet here, on the first occasion on which she ventured into a public place, she met him! It was fate, without doubt.

The music had changed. The orchestra was giving to the people the most reverent thoughts of a master. True and sweet and comforting was the serene major harmony, and the dew of its beauty fell into the very cisterns of the heart. In the trembling young girl in the sable garments it awoke a world of tenderness. The longing and dissatisfaction from which she had suffered took concrete form in her elated imagination.

It was her father that she wanted—her father's love, her father's guidance, his authority! As the rivulets of spring dance down the hillside to find the river, so her soul sought that of her father. The music, "yearning like a god in pain," impelled her to indulge in an exquisite impulse.

She slipped the glove from her warm and quivering fingers and laid them softly—softly as a kiss—within the hand of the man beside her. On his part there was a second's hesitation as if the faithful nerves of his hand had not told his aching heart the truth. Then, with a grasp, such as a sinful one might take upon an angel's robe, he closed his hand upon that of the girl, and over the two spread a happiness like the balm of a starlit summer night.

The concert ended in time. The three rose. They faced each other. Each looked beautiful to the eyes of the rest. The crowd passed along the aisles. It would have been profane to have said anything commonplace. Yet it was no place for an extraordinary word. It was Claribel who first found courage to speak.

"It is strange that you knew me," she said to her father. "Tell me, was it your eyes or your heart that first informed you who I was?"

"I cannot tell. But now that we have met, are we to part?" His eyes asked the question of the elder woman, though it was the younger one he addressed.

"Nathan Troxton," said his wife, "let the girl have her rights. She wants you, and needs you. Take her home with you for a time."

"But you must come too, Mary. Come, life is going fast. Let us be at peace. What were the old feuds? I have forgotten what they were all about. I only remember how lonely I am."

"Who am I," said Mary Troxton, with those divine melodies of the master still ringing in her soul, "that I should refuse to walk the path appointed for my feet?"

So they went out together—those three—into the street, and so home.

F. C. Liston.

## DOMESTIC PAPER-HANGING.

### How Mrs. Smith tried Papering a Room.

Mrs. Smith is very economical. So the other day when she and Mr. Smith were talking about house-cleaning, and the painting and papering that had to be done, a bright thought as usual occurred to Mrs. Smith, and says she:

"Now, what's the use of paper-hangers to put that paper on? I can do it myself, just as well as they, and we will thereby save the cost and all the bother of having them, and I'm going to do it."

Mr. Smith at first remonstrated, though in a feeble vein; but Mrs. Smith gave signs of bursting into tears, and he knew the consequences thereof, so he relapsed into silence and let her have her way. That afternoon Mrs. Smith set out to look for wall paper, and bought some.

Next morning she was up bright and early, and after breakfast prepared to hang the paper. Her first move was to make some paste, and then she took time to get the children off to school, after which she took time to consider. She knew she could do those three rooms before tea time easily enough.

So, after she had rested awhile, she unrolled the paper, and measured a length, and cut it off at the right place.

Then she spread it on the table, and looked round for something to put the paste on with, and suddenly bethought herself of her husband's hat-brush, which was a nice soft brush, and she took it out and commenced. She put on plenty of paste, so that it would be sure to stick, and then arose the query, how was she to get up to put it on the wall, a trifle over eight feet high?

Looking round a good idea struck her; she would take the wash-stand, and set a long-legged stool on that, and by dint of reaching she could do the thing nicely. So she struggled, and puffed, and pulled, and lifted the wash-stand, and set it down on her toes and pinched them, and tore her dress.

After a while she got the wash-stand where she wanted it, and set the stool upon it, and took the paper, first doubling the end over, and started to mount the extemporised pyramid. She got up all right, and balanced very well, and tried to stick the paper on.

But it wouldn't stick very well, having grown weak from long-endured soaking, and it suddenly parted at the corner and dropped with a "clish" on the floor. Then she got down and emphatically gathered it up and cast it out, and pasted another strip, and climbed her ladder of fame and stuck the paper on the wall. To be sure it was wrinkled, but she thought she could straighten it out all right by gentle pulling.

So she went to get down, and just as she was taking the last step the old stool gave a lurch, in consequence of one leg sliding off the corner of the stand, and she made a sudden ignominious descent, and landed with one foot in the pail of paste, and balanced there for a moment, somewhat as the ballet girl does, and then the pail overturned, and so did Mrs. Smith, and bumped her head on the floor, and then slowly and solemnly that strip of paper slid off the wall to the floor on top of her, and Mrs. Smith arose.

She just took off her paste-trimmed garments, and she laid her shoe away, and she cleaned the room up sooner than she ever did before in her life, and rolled up the paper and got all ready for the paper-hangers. Then she got dinner ready and when Mr. Smith came she told him to send them up. But that was all she told.

H. T. F.

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# The Greatest Discovery of the Century.

For seven hours Dr. Bellingham has sat leaning slightly forward in his red morocco chair, his body absolutely rigid. His thin lips are pressed firmly together, his whole face is livid except for two burning spots below his cheek bones, and his knees occasionally jog against the laboratory table, making the oil in the reading-lamp swing, and the whole room tremble almost imperceptibly.

At last the little brass clock on the mantelpiece strikes five. His vigil is ended. At the sound, startling in that death-like stillness, the rabbit which the doctor has been holding in his moist hands wriggles. Instinctively Dr. Bellingham tightens his grasp, but as the last musical vibration dies away the terrified creature slips through his fingers and falls with a thud on the carpet.

The doctor's head drops forward on his arms, and the rabbit lies at his feet forgotten. Its great brown eyes are fixed on its tormentor with a look of fearful horror, and its long ears are pressed back until they are almost lost to sight in the fur.

Occasionally the animal starts up with a cry of pain, throws its head back, opens it eyes more widely, panting and wriggling, while its whole body is shaken with spasms and convulsions. Gradually, however, it grows weaker and weaker, its respiration becomes slower, and it falls into a kind of stupor.

At last the doctor raises his head and laughs softly to himself.

There is a faint smell of chloroform in the room, and the dark patches of blood on the table, the chisel and mallet, the electrical appliances, and the large cylindrical glass case containing iron pincers and claws with which the operator may grip at pleasure any part of the captive animal's body, and lacerate and crush it, indicates the nature of the sufferings from which death had not yet relieved the mangled victim of the vivisectionist.

The doctor pushes his chair back and rises slowly. The window is open and he walks towards it, reviving as the cold air plays on his burning forehead.

It is done at last. The great physiological secret on which he has staked fifteen years of his life and a fortune can baffle him no longer. He holds in his hand a new key to life. The enchanted paths of the garden of science which he has trod so faithfully have led him to the fountain of healing and knowledge, and it is in his power to relieve half the world of its most terrible and inevitable suffering.

He presses his hand against the icy glass and then puts his forehead to it. His brain is throbbing. The dazzling prospect of immortal fame multiplies the sweets of his reward until they overwhelm him. After all, it is for this that he has sacrificed so much, it is for this that he has morally divorced his wife that he may wed himself body and soul and strength to his laboratory.

He is so deep in his own thoughts that he does not hear the door open, nor notice the pale-faced woman who creeps in on tiptoe.

She has thrown a shawl hastily across her shoulders, and her long black hair is falling in luxurious waves down her back. For fifteen years she has never ventured across the threshold of that room, and she cannot resist one curious look at the table and the glass cupboards filled with scientific instruments, before she breathes her husband's name in a terrified whisper.

The doctor twists round with a little cry, and instinctively his guilty eyes are turned on the rabbit, which still crouches half-hidden beneath his chair. His white cheeks suddenly flush like a man discovered in the very commission of a crime, and he springs forward with a furious gesture.

"Maria!" he cries, "how dare you come in here against my orders—how dare you!"

His wife's eyes flash with indignation. She leans back against the table and stares at him defiantly.

"I came here to see what you were doing," she says at last, speaking slowly. "It will soon be morning now, and I am tired of waiting."

The doctor's one idea is to get her out of the room.

"Go back to bed," he says sternly. "I have finished now—finished for ever."

"What do you mean?"

She listens intently, her blue eyes wide open, her breath coming in quick, short gasps as he tells her of the great scientfic era which has dawned.

He grows eloquent as he speaks of the theme which fills his heart, and a great longing steals over him to find someone who will share his happiness. It is too much for him to bear alone. He forgets his caution and his anger at his wife's intrusion in that sacred room; he forgets everything except the great discovery and all it means to him, all it promises for suffering humanity.

He holds out his arms, but she shrinks back from him.

"It is all very well," she says scornfully, "you come to me now that your work is finished; but you never came before. Your hobby has brought you fame, and at last you have time to think of me, who have been standing aside for fifteen years, and paying for you. Have you

no words of thanks for my fortune which you have squandered in paving your way to immortality? Have you no thought for my feelings which you have used as a pile on which to raise the monument of your ambition above the quagmire of poverty's inevitable failure?

"Do you know how my heart has been bleeding all these years for a token of your love? No! no! You are blind to everything but your own success in life, and I—I am a fool who trusted in a man."

The doctor stands with his hands still half outstretched, cowed by his wife's vehemence. He has never heard her speak like this before, although he has often feared that in her heart of hearts she must know that he married her for her money. And yet at this moment he feels that he could love her. In her anger she is more beautiful than she has ever seemed to him before, blinded with his absorbing interest in the cause of science.

She listens to all he has to say, at first with calm indifference tinged with scorn, but gradually her heart softens, and her love for the man who is pleading before her overcomes every other feeling.

She holds out her white hands to him, and in another moment he would have taken her in his arms, when a rustle behind them makes them both start.

"What was that?" Maria asks, holding her breath, and looking round the room in terror.

The doctor has forgotten the rabbit which is just awakening from its stupor. It raises its head, and then utters a plaintive cry.

In a moment his wife is down on her knees beside the little creature, and as she sees the blood which still clots its coat she realises for the first time the cruel experiments with a living creature by which her husband has made his great discovery.

"Put that rabbit down!" cries the doctor. His heart is beating fast, and he trembles to think what his wife may do now that she has discovered this secret which he has guarded from her so zealously for fifteen years.

"Is this how you have spent your time, in torturing animals? Is this how you have gratified your lust for cruelty?" she asks, her eyes blazing with fury, and her white hand tightly clenched.

"Maria!" he cries, "how dare you come in here against my orders—how dare you!"

"My dear child," he begins, "it was necessary for the sake of humanity. It is neither cruel nor unjustifiable when it is done in the interests of science. Would you have had me experiment on human beings? These dumb animals are invaluable auxiliaries in researches of the intricate and delicate nature which I have been making. I——"

He stops, for his wife has risen and is standing before him.

"And was it in the interests of science that you left the poor creature lying there in agony?" she asks breathlessly.

"The longer the creature lives the more certain are the results of the discovery which I have made. There is no need for all this excitement, Maria. If you take my advice you will go back to your bedroom and calm yourself."

His wife stoops down and examines the deep wounds in the little creature. Tears of infinite compassion fill her eyes as it wriggles at her touch.

Then turning her head slightly away she takes the rabbit up by its ears and gives it one quick decisive blow with the side of her hand which puts it out of its misery for ever.

"There," she says, as she lays it almost reverently on the carpet. "Have you got any more of them?"

Her husband groans. She looks up at him, and her whole frame suddenly shakes with a tremendous hysterical storm of passion.

"No, no! don't touch me," she cries, as the doctor springs to her side. "Go away. My abhorrence for a vivisector had almost made me hate my husband."

* * * * *

A direful purpose, born of a fixed idea, has taken hold of the doctor.

If his wife would only relent. If he could only persuade her to throw prejudice on one side in the cause of science, on behalf of her sex, having thought for his great ambition.

He has coaxed, he has stormed, he has raved, he has even stooped to flattery, but her mind is made up. Not another penny of hers shall ever be spent on developing the great discovery which is to make the whole world echo with praises of his name.

The doctor is perfectly aware that without his wife's consent he can never hope to reach the dazzling horizon

which has opened before him—unless—yes, unless she dies.

Fate seems to be dealing very hardly with him. The scattered speculations of fifteen years' hard study have taken definite shapes at last only to mock his ambition. The theory with which he has wrestled has been revealed; vague surmises and wild hypotheses have become absolute certainties; a lifetime of patient labour and minute scientific investigation has led to the greatest discovery of the century.

His heaven is flushed with the dawn of a new epoch in medical science, but the shadow of his wife's resentment intervenes.

The doctor is sitting once more in the red morocco chair at his laboratory table: A newspaper is lying crumpled at his elbow, his head is thrown back, his eyes are closed. His thoughts are so inhuman that he has not the moral courage to face them, and his brain is working almost mechanically and under protest, so to speak.

At the first blush it would seem impossible that we could cheat ourselves, and yet there are times in the life of every man when he deliberately deceives his own conscience. It is easily done. Our thoughts and actions run away with us, and we stand by, as it were, and wash our hands of the whole business.

It is with something like a sigh of despair that Doctor Bellingham opens his eyes and suddenly catches sight of his wife sitting in the garden under the shade of a big acacia-tree, and evidently waiting for him before pouring out tea.

He gets up quickly, and taking a folding-chair under his arm he lets himself out through the open window on to the smooth, well-kept lawn.

"Maria," he says, as he settles himself down by her side and empties some strawberries on to his plate, "I'm thinking of going away for a few weeks."

"Going away?" in a voice of evident surprise. "Whatever for?"

"Something very much like virulent typhoid has broken out at a little place called Wentfield, about twenty miles from here, and——"

"But what in the world has that got to go with you? They have their own doctors surely?"

"That's just it. They haven't. The place is twenty miles from the nearest town. I'm going there to see what I can do."

His wife looks at him closely for a minute, and then she holds out her hand for his cup.

"When do you mean to start?" she says, with a little shrug.

"To-night."

"To-night! You might have given me a little longer notice. However, I will be ready."

"You!" with well feigned astonishment and a smile of ridicule.

"You don't mean to say that you acutally thought I was going to be left behind?"

"Certainly, my dear child," says the doctor.

At this moment the footman arrived with some hot water, and Dr. Bellingham's reply is evidently meant to reach his ears.

"Nothing would induce me to give my permission to your accompanying me. A doctor must run the risk of infection, and to a certain extent he grows hardened to it. He must not allow himself to think of danger; but a frail woman like you—no, Maria, you must stop at home, whatever happens."

"A wife's place is at her husband's side."

"You are very thoughtful for a woman who has ruined my life," says the doctor with sudden bitterness.

Mrs. Bellingham turns her head away.

"We will not reopen that discussion, if you please," she says firmly. "Will you have some more tea?"

The doctor seldoms takes more than two cups, but he makes an exception this afternoon. He dreads going back to his studies, to be alone with his conscience.

For a long time he sits there ridiculing his wife's intention of following him to Wentfield, and finally he gives in with apparent despair.

"If you will have your own way I suppose you must," he says brutally. "I cannot do more than warn you of the terrible danger you are running."

Then he gets up and walks towards the house, trying hard to make himself believe he really hopes she will not go.

"I've done all I can to dissuade her," he keeps on muttering to himself, and all the time he knows that were it not for his opposition she would never have wanted to go at all.

His breath has been fanning the flame his conscience bids him extinguish, and he says to himself it is not his fault if it won't go out.

* * * * *

For three weeks Dr. Bellingham has been working among the poor of Wentfield. The plague is still raging with unabated fury, and although another doctor and a Sister of Mercy have followed his noble example they can do little except to alleviate the suffering and institute precautions to prevent the germs spreading more rapidly than they do from house to house.

In the great work he is doing the doctor almost contrives to forget his shattered hopes and the sinful purpose which really prompted him to enlist his sympathies in the cause of these poor village people.

And yet from day to day he watches his wife with eager anxiety, and wonders how much longer it will be before she falls a victim to the disease in the midst of which she moves and lives unharmed.

At first he will not acknowledge even to himself that it is not her death but her escape which he dreads, although he sometimes goes so far as to say that if it were the other way round a man would be justified in sacrificing one life for the sake of thousands of human beings. The perfection of his great scientific discovery would reduce the mortality of the world nearly twenty per cent., and that perfection is simply waiting because of a woman's repugnance to vivisection.

Sometimes he says to himself that a man who would sacrifice his love for the sake of his duty would deserve to be canonised. He dwells upon these thoughts with a strange admixture of pleasure and loathing, and all the time he is working among the poor, who turn in the street to bless him as he moves among them like an angel of mercy.

Then the time comes when he is compelled to meet his own thoughts. He confesses to himself that it is his duty to sacrifice his wife upon the altar of physiology as he has sacrificed the lives of animals on his vivisecting table, but he will not admit that this same altar has been raised in the sanctuary of his ambition.

Upon a day he discovers that certain drugs taken internally produce the same deadly effect upon the human constitution as the microscopic germs of the disease which is decimating the people of Wentfield. Then he can no longer cloak his criminal intentions. Nature has failed to remove the thorn from his side, although he has tempted Death with a fragile bait;

and when he confesses this he stands confessed a criminal in all but deed.

So cleverly has he deceived himself in the past, that the revelation of his direful purpose is almost a shock to him; but it is not long before he grows reconciled to the idea of destroying his wife.

Breakfast is on the table, and his wife is not down. The doctor places a chair against the door. If anyone should come in suddenly this would give him a moment's warning. Then he pours out two cups of coffee, and as he places one by his wife's plate he drops in a few grains of white powder, which float for a minute on the top and then slowly dissolve.

At this moment Mrs. Bellingham comes in. She suspects nothing, or the terrified look on her husband's face could not have escaped her attention. The morning greetings are hardly over when the door is thrown open and the landlady bursts into the room, her face white as death. She looks towards the doctor, and then turns significantly to Mrs. Bellingham.

"Can I speak to you for a minute, sir?"

The doctor rises with a perplexed look and follows the woman out into the passage.

Mrs. Bellingham half rises from her chair, then she sits down again, and raises her coffee to her lips. As she does so she notices a little island of bubbles floating on the top.

"Frank must have given me his coffee," she says to herself, fishing for what she supposed was sugar and finding it dissolved. Then she changed the cups and the doctor came in, his face haggard and his lips bloodless.

He gives one quick look at his wife's cup, and as she does so she raises it to her lips.

"Dr. Raymond is down with the plague," he says, in a voice which sounded strangly unnatural even to himself. "I must be off at once. No, I can't stay for any breakfast."

He snatches up his cup of coffee, drinks it eagerly, and then rushes out of the room, and his wife hears him going downstairs three steps at the time.

* * * * * *

Two hours later Dr. Bellingham is lying by the side of his fellow-worker, tossing from side to side on a bed of fever, and suffering all the terrible internal agonies of the plague.

The Sister of Mercy is watching by their bedsides with a look of infinite compassion, and she vaguely wonders how long it will be before her turn comes.

She sends a messenger off to the nearest town with an urgent letter to the doctor, and then she returns to watch over the sufferers in the long, dimly-lit barn which has been turned into a temporary hospital.

Terrible as Dr. Bellingham's physical sufferings are they seem nothing to him compared with his mental agony. Summoned to his death-bed in the very commission of a crime, repentance seems impossible.

If he had seen his wife lying dead repentance would have been easy enough, but to repent before the deed is done and not be able to stop it! It is impossible to realise the intensity of his despair. So far as he could guess the time his wife would still be in full possession of her health.

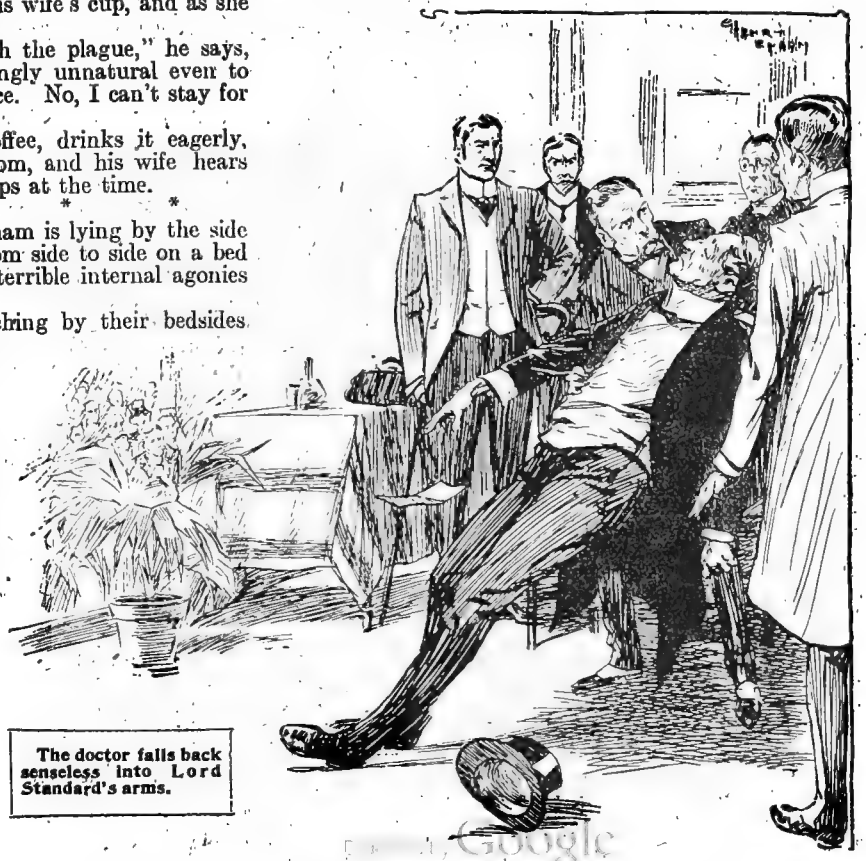
He had been prepared to see her die with his mortal eyes, but the thought of looking back from the other side of the shadow of death and watching his own condemnation is enough to make the boldest man a coward.

Nor is this all. Until this moment when he lies rolling from side to side, in terrible torture, he has never realised the awfulness of pain. In a few minutes more his sweet gentle wife will be on her deathbed, and he cannot send anyone to help her, to even moisten her lips as his are being moistened by the Sister of Mercy.

Horrible visions of hell made terrible with all the instruments of his vivisecting room float before him. Already he feels the hot iron on his brain, the sharp knives running this way and that, the pincers, the chisel and the stunning mallet.

Now his head is being plunged into mercury, now he is being scalded alive, now his limbs are being twisted into cramped and unnatural positions, and he shrieks in his mental agony as he feels himself being carried to a height and dropped upon bars and ridges of iron to test the effect of the wounds he has received. All the miscellaneous torments of his vivisecting room, which he has fancied justifiable, are crushing his happiness now, if happiness is in that tortured man tossing on his deathbed.

Despair is gnawing at his heart. What is the use of



The doctor falls back senseless into Lord Standard's arms.

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all those hours of study now that his life's purpose is wrecked and he can never pursue the grand scientific themes which he had brought almost to perfection?

Presently a sudden calm comes over him. He no longer feels the pains which had been racking him. His last hour has come. The doctor stirs fearfully, and raises himself on his elbow.

He calls to the Sister of Mercy, who has been holding her hands to her ears to shut out the sound of his cries, and asks for a sheet of paper and a pencil. His fingers are trembling so that he can hardly write. His strength is sinking fast, his breath is coming slower. At last it is finished. He signs his name with desperate eagerness, a merciful unconsciousness steals over him, and he falls back on his pillow, one white hand clutching the paper, and the other pressed to his eyes as if to shut out some horrible scene.

* * * * *

It is a cold December afternoon, and a tall, thin man, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, sits in one corner of a first-class carriage talking in a low voice to a companion whose eyes are fixed on the wintry landscape.

"Will you be at St. James's Hall to-night, Lovell?" he asks.

"Of course," the other answers. "Every doctor who can spare the time will be there. Besides, as a friend, I expect to share in your triumph. The world has waited since the beginning of time for this discovery."

An expression of pain flits across the invalid's face, and he presses his hand to his heart.

"Told me! What? For the love of Heaven tell me what you mean."

"It is nothing. Only a sudden spasm," he says, as Lovell notices the movement, and bends forward anxiously. "It has often been like that since my illness."

"Ah, that terrible plague. Do you know, Bellingham, I sometimes think your recovery must have been a miracle. No one else has ever recovered from that disease. Perhaps it was that you were reserved to bring your great discovery to perfection. The papers were filled with long accounts of your self-sacrifice, your name was in every mouth, you had already been placed on that pinnacle of fame which you occupy so worthily, when without a word of warning you recovered."

Once more the doctor presses his hand to his side. He is enthralled by the divinest sweetness of gratified ambition. This very night is to herald the epoch he has made in the science of medicine. This consuming delight is the very elixir of life, and he is able to forget all the miseries of the past if it were not for that terrible pain in his side. An illimitable universe is his at last.

He knows now the secret of his recovery from the very jaws of death. He drank his own poison, which was not strong enough to kill a man. It is only by a mistake that he is not the murderer of his wife.

It seems the very irony of Fate that the weapon with which he tried to kill her had been the very means of augmenting her love. He had used the poison to obtain possession of her money, and it had brought it to him, not through her death, but through his death, or what she thought was death. There is little one would not grant a husband who has been restored to life.

At last the storms of Dr. Bellingham's life seemed ended, and in the bright prospects of the future the dismal past is forgotten, thrown off like some terrible nightmare.

The doctor is already in the vanguard in his profession, and he never allows his thoughts to dwell on the crime he so nearly committed. He balances his good work among the poor of Wentfield, and the greatest discovery of all time against the moral murder which has stained his life.

Dr. Bellingham's name has become a by-word in the country. The noble example which he set in going to live among the plague-stricken people of the little hamlet has filled every heart with admiration.

* * * * *

Two hours later and the doctor stands on the platform of St. James' Hall. The vast room is filled with the members of the medical profession, and some of the leading lights are there waiting in breathless anxiety to have the discovery explained.

At this moment the ambition of his life is fulfilled. A smile parts his thin lips as his eyes run over the thousands of white faces upturned waiting to catch the first words which shall fall from his mouth.

He pours out a glass of water and raises it to his lips. A slight commotion behind makes him start, for his nerves are strung to the very highest pitch, and some of the water is spilt down his shirt-front.

A hand is laid on his shoulder, and he hears Lord Standard, who had promised to take the chair, say:

"Dr. Bellingham, you are wanted just for a minute, please."

He goes behind, and the next moment he is arrested for the attempted murder of his wife.

"On what grounds, may I ask, do you insult me in this way?" he says haughtily, to the detective, whose cold, immovable face drives him to desperation.

The man opens a small black bag in his hand, and draws out some crumpled sheets of note-paper.

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"This was found last week in the corner of an old barn at Wentfield," he says. "I believe you wrote it."

The doctor half holds out his hands for his confession, and then falls back senseless into Lord Standard's arms.

* * * * *

Ten years of penal servitude is a worse punishment than death to a man of education and acute refinement.

At times during those long years of imprisonment Dr. Bellingham felt his mind was tottering to its fall.

As a doctor, he knew only too well that brooding and thinking would inevitably drive him to madness unless his thoughts took some definite shape. It is impossible to appreciate the depth of his absorbing despair, which threatened to cloud his intellect for ever. For the second time the cup of his ambition had been dashed from his lips as he essayed to drink. It was only by dwelling on the details of his discovery, and bringing them to greater perfection, that he managed all the time to keep his mind employed.

He was utterly cut off from any glimpse of the outer world, but the thought of his ultimate success made those years in a living tomb more bearable. Hope was strong within him, and buoyed him to the last. A sense of future power made life still worth living, and the rapid development of fresh knowledge made those grim walls less terrible.

* * * * *

At last the dreary years are ended. The doctor, a mere shadow of his former self, is free to climb again the ladder of fame from which he had fallen, and by virtue of his great discovery, to regain his place in the respect of the world.

"Lovell," he says, as he and his friend are in the train travelling homewards, "do you think there is any chance of the world listening to me now?"

All the colour fades out of Lovell's face and leaves him white as death. He looks closely at his friend and then lays one hand on his knee.

"Have you not heard?" he whispers. "Have they not told you?"

"Told me! What? For the love of Heaven tell me what you mean?"

It is some time before Lovell can answer. His heart is beating so fast that he cannot trust himself to speak.

"Can you bear a great shock?" he asks at last, as he makes up his mind it is best to let the doctor know the whole truth at once.

Dr. Bellingham does not answer. His head is thrown back on the cushion of the carriage and his lips are bloodless.

He has just read from his friend's face that his great discovery has been made by another, and has already been given to the world. The new era in medical science had dawned while he had been paying the penalty of his crime in prison.

Another moment and they arrive at their destination. The Doctor lays his hand on Lovell's arm.

"I don't think much of ambition," he says slowly, and with a little catch in his voice. Lovell lets down the window, and turns the handle of the door.

"Ambition. It is nothing to do with ambition," he answers. "It is your methods which have ruined you. First vivisection, and then—but why these gloomy thoughts? See, your wife is waiting on the platform for you. I'll see you again later."

Terence Saxton.

## A SWEET ROMANCE.

"This night," exclaimed Don John de Balladoux, "I shall know my fate from the beauteous lips of Eleanor. If—as I would fain believe—she returns my love, and answers me 'Yes,' then it is bliss unutterable, I shall be the happiest man on earth; if the answer is 'No,' then indeed I am undone. But she shall never know what a wound she has given me. I will school my features that they betray me not, and, going from her presence, I will, in some distant land, end a life that will be no longer worth living."

* * * * *

The shades of evening had fallen upon hill and dale. Lady Eleanor sat at the grand piano, gently caressing the keys, which, under the witchery of her touch, seemed to sob forth the accents of love. She was thinking of Don John, whose name was sweeter to her even than the caramel that was even now nestling within her lovely mouth.

Suddenly in the hall she heard the well-known step, and her heart gave a great bound. Then the voice of a menial at the door announced "Don John de Balladoux!"

A look of earnest purpose was in his eyes, and alternate lights and shades of hope and fear flitted over his features, as he advanced and greeted the fair lady. To his greeting she made no reply.

"Why thus silent, Lady Eleanor? Am I not welcome?" he asked, in a voice full of apprehension.

A troubled look in her eyes, and a sorry smile upon her lips was the enigmatical answer.

"I have come," said Don John, growing suddenly bold, "to ask you, Eleanor, to be my wife. I have long loved you; do not tell me I have misread your feelings towards me—you reciprocate my passion, you will be mine?"

Lady Eleanor looked confused, but remained silent.

"What! You answer me nothing? Ah, it is the overwhelming joy of the moment that forbids utterance. Is it not so?" and Don John advanced and grasped her white hand in his.

"Speak to me, dearest. Say something, I cannot endure this suspense!"

Her lips moved and again the troubled look came over her face, but she spoke no syllable. Don John dropped her hand.

"You do not love me or you would at least say one word to tell me so!"

Still she spoke not.

"Enough!" exclaimed he, for his Norman blood was up. "This is meant for silent contempt. I understand. It is enough. I leave you for ever. Farewell!"

So saying he strode from the castle and disappeared in the gloom. Lady Eleanor stood as one paralysed for a brief space, and seemed to be struggling with her emotions. Then with a shriek that rent the night air she flew to the door, and screamed—

"Come back, Don John de Balladoux! I do love you!"

Too late, alas! He had gone for ever. In a distant clime he died without knowing that it was a gummy caramel and not a false heart which held Lady Eleanor silent on that fateful night.

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# IN CONFIDENCE.

Conducted by MADGE MORRIS.

[*I shall be glad to answer, to the best of my ability, any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to me personally, c/o the Editor of* SHORT STORIES.]

***Chivalry versus Love.***

A VERY large proportion of my weekly budget of correspondence comes from those who are stranded 'twixt chivalry and love, and I am asked on all hands to make the awards in such cases. Thus R. D. J. is perplexed as to whether it would be chivalrous in a man to marry a woman who was of late the lady-love of a friend. Now, I think, in this case, chivalry must take second place, on the grounds that the happiness of one is better than the misery of both.

❦❦❦

If a man is deeply in love with a girl who was lately his friend's sweetheart, and his love is returned, it would be cruel to allow even such a thing as good fellowship to interfere with their mutual happiness. The friend must, of course, be very much piqued at seeing his late sweetheart pass into another's hands, and if that other is his own friend, we know the jealousy must be intensified. But I have an idea that the disappointment of jealousy is better than the disappointment of despair, and if you can substitute the one for the other, you are doing an unconscious service.

❦❦❦

Here is a case which occurs to me. An old friend of a male cousin of mine had been disappointed over a girl, but remained on visiting terms with her people. At one of these visits he took my cousin, who fell desperately in love with the girl himself, and she returned the sentiment. Now this would seem very hard indeed on the original lover, but, as a matter of fact, it was the best thing that could happen. For a long time he had been one of the most miserable of men, pining over his disappointment. Directly he saw his friend's success, he became mad with jealousy.

❦❦❦

Instead of moping about he suddenly left the country, scarcely exchanging a word with his friend and rival. Six months after, my cousin met a bronzed and jovial-looking man in the Strand, whom with some difficulty he recognised as this friend. He had, it turned out, gone abroad, and by the distractions of work and travel absolutely forgotten the whole affair, and told my cousin that he had done him the best turn a man could do—*i.e.*, to make him mad with jealousy instead of gloomy with despair.

❦❦❦

***Why Not Friendship?***

"PERPLEXED MIND" is one of those young ladies who combine a good deal of sense with capriciousness. She is sensible because she thinks she knows in her own mind that she does not, and never could, love a certain young man who persists in writing to her and asking her to meet him. She is capricious because, instead of telling him so, she, so to speak, plays "ping-pong" with her appointments with him, turning up whenever she feels inclined, which is not often. He never feels hurt about it, but goes on writing letters, which grow nicer every time. What can she do?

❦❦❦

Does it very much matter, "Perplexed Mind," whether you feel you could love him or not? If you like him as a friend, and he has not openly made any proposal to you, there is no need for you to be unkind to him by trifling with his feelings. I know a girl who received just such attention from a young man, for whom she boasted that she did not care a straw; but he was nice and agreeable, and also wrote nice letters.

❦❦❦

She often used to meet him, and for a long time looked on him simply as a friend. One day, after a year or more of this, he hinted by a little present that he loved her. She was astonished at the revelation, but made no reply. But as time went on, and the hints grew more pointed, she began to think of him as more than a mere friend and—well, it took a long time maturing, but they are now one of the happiest wedded couples I know. Try doing the same, "Perplexed Mind."

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***The Eternal Parent Question.***

I AM surrounded by letters from readers putting forward new aspects of the great parent problem. From Spain, SEBASTIAN, a young Spaniard, sends me a pathetic letter beseeching me to help him. He is in love with a girl who returns it, but neither his parents nor hers will allow them to meet, saying they are too young. There appears nothing for them to do but deceive their parents by meeting in secret, by which there is risk of trouble. J. C. (Paddington) is in similar straits, and wants to approach a girl's father, but is fearful, and uncertain how to proceed.

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Let SEBASTIAN and J. C. try, if they can, and get rid of the idea that fathers are a race of tyrants. They have been painted that by innumerable story writers, I know, but I know many fathers, one very intimately, and do not think they are really such black fiends. Fathers, after all, love their daughters, and if, after a lot of example, they see that they really are attached to any man, they must give way.

❦❦❦

If SEBASTIAN is not allowed to meet his love in the moonlight, let him do so at noonday. Let him always walk in the same thoroughfares as she, go to the same places, and let those two parents see that there is no secret made of the glorious fact that they love each other. And let J. C., if he is afraid to face the fearful father, write to him telling him that he loves his daughter, stating what his means are, and if he is in a position now, or in the near future, to give her a good home. If he is, then I say he must be a unique father if he stands in the way. Courage, my good friends, is what you want.

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# EDWARD FARRELL CHEMIST

By Philip Moon.

## V.—THE RARE MINERAL.

THE task seemed simple, and Edward Farrell failed to understand the difficulty that the Mint authorities had experienced.

He was examining a coin that was one of a number he had received from the Mint.

They were counterfeit, but so cleverly and skilfully had they been produced that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to distinguish them from the genuine coins of the realm.

There was some strange property about the alloy used by the counterfeiters that gave the coins—although undoubtedly of base metal—all the characteristics usually associated with "the king of metals" itself.

This fact, together with the skilfulness of the imitated design, had enabled the producers to pass with impunity an enormous quantity of the counterfeit coins upon an unwitting public.

The operations of the gang had become so extensive that the Mint authorities were really seriously alarmed. Do what they would the Scotland Yard people appeared absolutely unable to get upon the coiners' track.

The banks all over the country suffered largely and complained bitterly. First in London, then in Liverpool, and yet again in Newcastle, the spurious coinage appeared, and in no case could the anxious detectives find any trace of the criminals.

The coins upon examination at the Mint proved a fruitful source of mystery.

Apparently they were nothing but a carefully proportioned alloy of copper, lead, and tin—yet strangely enough none of the analyses would balance as they should do.

Neither could a similar alloy be formed from the estimated proportions of the several metals. No explanation of the mystery was forthcoming, and at the instigation of Inspector Roberts, of Scotland Yard, Edward Farrell was consulted.

As he stood in his laboratory and looked at the piece of metal in his hand, he wondered whence all the difficulty could arise.

The examination of an alloy should be one of the simplest operations in quantitative chemical analysis—yet all the experts at the Mint had acknowledged themselves baffled.

It was strange, certainly—and was eminently a task to Farrell's liking, though he half feared that the difficulty would survive even a casual examination.

He settled down to work upon the coin, however, and began, by the wonderful agents and schemes of present day chemistry to resolve his alloy into its simple elements.

The hours passed. Groups and sub-groups—black precipitates and white ones—vile smells and biting acids, followed each other in orthodox succession, and at last Farrell's labour was about to yield up its secret.

When the last washing was done, the last weight recorded, and the last calculation made, Farrell quickly totalled up his results.

Strange! His results no more balanced than did those of the Mint. He knew that most carefully had he separated and weighed each element, yet here was an unaccountable difference.

Whence could it arise?

He paced slowly up and down the room, then sank into his chair—lost in thought.

For at least half an hour he scarcely moved; then, all at once, as a sudden thought struck him, he sprang up, and hastily picked a volume from the book-shelf.

"That's the secret of it all—I'll wager," cried he. "We must remember that science may lend its aid even to counterfeiting nowadays."

He eagerly hunted up some information in the book he had selected, and then turned to his alloy once more.

Again the hours passed, with their succession of precipitates, smells and acids, but an observant spectator would have noticed that this time one more weight was recorded—one estimation more was made than in the previous examination.

In short—another element had been separated.

Again Farrell totalled his results, and this time they balanced exactly.

"Just as I thought," said he, with a gleam of satisfaction, "but it's pretty smart, whoever they are, and, by Jove!" continued he with a start, as an idea flashed upon him. "Their smartness may lead to their detection.

"Yes," concluded he, after a thoughtful pause, "it's worth trying."

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His examination had taken him until well in the night, and in the morning he called on Inspector Roberts, of Scotland Yard.

"I have examined the coin you sent me from the Mint," Farrell began after the usual greetings, "and it has yielded a somewhat remarkable result. In fact, the very source of the difficulty experienced by those at the Mint, appears to me likely to lead to the detection of the coiners."

"Indeed!" said the inspector, with surprise, he had expected Farrell would overcome the difficulty that the others had experienced, but that he should be able to trace the coiners themselves seemed never to have entered his mind. "Indeed! And may I ask ——?"

"No!" interrupted Farrell, with a quiet laugh, "You may not just now. I will see what my inquiries of to-day result in before I offer any explanations. What I really called for was to ask if you will send me some men, if I get on the track of the coiners and find I need help. I will wire, or contrive in some way to let you know particulars."

"Certainly!" replied the half incredulous and still curious inspector. "As many as you like, and let's hope you need them—although it seems too good to be possible—this gang has eluded our sharpest men."

"Well, well! we'll see," said Farrell, still with his quiet, confident smile. "In the meantime I should be obliged if you will let me see a directory."

The inspector brought the directory, and Farrell pored for a few minutes over its pages. He wrote down two or three addresses in his pocket-book and then, bidding the inspector adieu, departed.

Inspector Roberts was a smart man in his way, and he noticed that Farrell looked at that portion of the directory that gave the names of the different mineralogists in London. This, however, only added to his wonder, instead of satisfying his curiosity.

Edward Farrell, as soon as he left Scotland Yard, hailed a cab, and gave the driver an address near Holborn.

This proved to be a small, unpretentious-looking shop which bore the legend of "Anthony Carr, dealer in rare minerals" on its facia board.

As Farrell entered, the proprietor rose from a small table, at which he was engaged in sorting specimens, and came forward.

"I want to know," said Farrell, "if you can supply me with a quantity of the rare mineral called ariumite?"

"Ariumit! I am afraid not," replied Carr, with something of surprise in his tone, and then, as a half apology, he continued, "It is strange what a demand there has been for the last few months for a rare mineral that was scarcely ever heard of before."

"A demand for ariumite?" asked Farrell, in apparent astonishment. "Whoever would want that in any quantity? It isn't used for anything is it?"

"I don't know about that," said Carr, "but Greyson and Co., of Aldgate, have bought up all my supply for the last month or so for a customer of theirs, and are constantly worrying me for more. You see the total available supply is very small at present. It is only found in one or two isolated places in Norway, and only then in small quantities. Perhaps," continued he, "if you could see Greyson, you might get him to arrange with his customer to let you have some of his supply. He is sending a small lot to-morrow, I know, for I have promised him all I have to hand by that time to make it up, so this would be a favourable opportunity."

Farrell had listened to Anthony Carr with scarcely suppressed excitement.

"Thank you for your information," he said, "I will certainly call on Greyson and see what I can arrange with him."

Farrell bade Anthony Carr adieu and went direct from Holborn to the more pretentious premises of Greyson and Co., of Aldgate.

Farrell noticed with a smile of satisfaction that this firm was one whose address he had also extracted from the directory.

He found Greyson to be a genial business man of about forty, and to him he explained what he wanted, and how he had been

"I want to know," said Farrell, "if you can supply me with a quantity of the mineral called ariumite."

recommended to him by Anthony Carr. Greyson listened in silence.

"I am afraid it is hopeless," he said, when Farrell had finished. "My customers are so extremely anxious to get all the ariumite they can, that I am certain they will never consent to part with any."

"Do you know for what they are using it?" Farrell asked.

"No!" said Greyson, "they are very secret and mysterious about it—some trade process I should imagine—but as they pay me well, I am not at all anxious to find out. I only know they are a small firm of brass founders or something of that sort, and have small works at Stratford."

"You are sending a small lot to them to-morrow, I believe?" said Farrell.

"Yes; about a hundredweight. It represents the total quantity in England at the present time," added Greyson, "so rare is it."

"How do you propose sending it?" Farrell asked.

"By van."

"Well, I want to ask you a great favour. I have reason to suspect that foul play is being carried on by this quiet little firm of brass founders, and I want you to let me take the place of your carter to-morrow, so that I may carry the box of ariumite to them myself. I am investigating the case on behalf of Scotland Yard," added Farrell, suggestively.

That decided it. Greyson had at first seemed to look upon Farrell's request with suspicion, but the mention of Scotland Yard quickly put a different complexion on the matter, and he agreed for him to go readily enough.

"I suppose if anything really is wrong, it will stop my sale of ariumite," Greyson said rather ruefully, "I was getting such a good price for it too. Well, I suppose it can't be helped."

"What time shall I be here to-morrow?" asked Farrell, without appearing to notice Greyson's regrets.

"Well, if you are ready by five o'clock in the afternoon that will be plenty soon enough," said Greyson, "for they want the ariumite delivered about seven, and that will allow you ample time. They always arrange for the mineral to be delivered rather late."

"All right!" said Farrell. "I will be here by five. Thank you for your information. Of course you will keep this conversation quite secret, and now—till to-morrow—good-bye!"

* * * * *

Punctually at five o'clock Farrell presented himself at Greyson's warehouse, arrayed in the humble garb of an ordinary London carman.

After he had received his instructions and seen the box of precious mineral safely stowed on his van, he mounted the box, and started on his mission.

The experience was a novel one, and more than once he called forth the good-natured banter of his passing brother vansmen by his awkwardness.

He did not take long, however, to grow more used to his position, and eventually, after a few inquiries, he reached the works of "John Smith and Co., brass-founders," as they called themselves on the entrance-gate. The works were small, and stood upon the edge of the bleak Stratford Marshes, near to the main line of the Great Eastern Railway. They were approached by a narrow, winding, and very muddy lane, at the extreme end of which they stood. As the pseudo carman drove slowly along, his keen eyes took in most carefully all the details, although an onlooker would have thought him too intent on guiding his horse to have eyes for anything else.

It was just beginning to grow dusk as he rang the yard bell at the closed gates, and no one came for some time in answer to his summons. Presently, however, after another ring, and a further pause, a little wicket was shot back, and a sullen-looking man asked impatiently what Farrell wanted.

"Got a box for yer, guvnor—from Greyson's," Farrell replied, in a gruff and typical carman's voice.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the man behind the wicket, in a smoother tone. "All right, drive in here and plank it down," and he opened the gates for the van. Farrell drove his van in and started to walk the horse down the short road towards the building at the other end of the

Before the astonished inmates knew where they were, they found a revolver at each of their heads.

yard. He was soon stopped by a man at the gate, however, who shouted out suspiciously—

"Here! Hold on there, mate—I want the box at this end of the yard—not that."

So Farrell obediently stopped his horse, and helped the man off with the box.

"Rather precious sort of stuff, ain't it, guvnor?" he hazarded. "They take a sight o' care on it up at our place."

The man again looked suspiciously at Farrell, but replied tentatively, "Yes, it is rather, I suppose."

"Where do yer want it taken to? Can I give yer a lift?" asked Farrell, "it's pretty weighty fer one."

"No, you can't," snapped out the other, losing his patience, "I've got a couple more to help me, so you can just back your horse out and get home to your tea. Here's the price of a pint for you."

"Thank yer, guvnor. Good-night," said Farrell, with gruff cheeriness, and he departed with his horse and van.

Although he had been fully occupied with his van and the box, he had, nevertheless, made a most careful scrutiny of the yard and its surroundings. Whatever he had gathered from his hasty survey seemed to have impressed him considerably.

When he reached the High Street, at Stratford, he found a quiet stable-yard at which he left his horse and van, and went to a telegraph office and dispatched a telegram to Scotland Yard.

"Send six men by 8.10 train Liverpool Street to Stratford—armed.—Farrell."

His next visit was to the district Police Station, and from there he went to the nearest restaurant and enjoyed a hearty tea.

After tea he went to the station to meet the men he had telegraphed for. When they arrived he found that Inspector Roberts had himself accompanied them. He was not so incredulous now, but was most hopelessly mystified, and wanted to see for himself Farrell's *coup*. Farrell rapidly explained what he wanted them to do, and led the way through the streets towards the marshes.

He had noticed that the premises of John Smith and Co, could be approached from the marshes on one side without the chance of being seen or heard by anyone within, and it was towards that side that Farrell was leading. It was dark and bewildering on that dreary old marsh, but Farrell never faltered or strayed. He brought them up to the works wall with unerring precision. He gave them all most careful instructions, posted one man on each side of the works with orders to shoot down anyone attempting to escape, and then with the rest noiselessly scaled the low wall, and crept down the yard towards the building at the end.

Evidently someone was at work in the building, for lines of light could be seen through the cracks and crannies of the shutters—while from the chimneys a series of bright sparks were ascending as from a foundry fire.

At a signal the man stationed on the gate side of the works rang the yard bell loudly, according to special instructions Farrell had given him.

As its clanging note rang out, a hurried scuffling of feet could be heard within, whilst a voice Farrell recognised as belonging to his friend of earlier in the evening, could be heard exclaiming:

"Who on earth's that, I wonder? Cover the dibs up and I'll go down and see. It's someone come to the wrong show I should think."

Then two other voices were heard, and after that the sound of bolts being withdrawn.

As the door slowly opened, Farrell and the others burst in, and before the astonished inmates knew where they were, they found a revolver at each of their heads, and Edward Farrell, in his carter's disguise, surveying them exultantly.

The men were completely trapped and had no chance of resistance. Farrell's carefully arranged plan had worked without a hitch.

Farrell gave a shrill whistle which brought up all his men from their posts, and about a dozen policemen who had been hiding a little lower down the lane, in accordance with Farrell's arrangements at the District Police Station.

Into their hands Farrell resigned the bitterly reviling prisoners.

A search revealed a large number of counterfeit gold coins in all stages of their production, together with dies, metal, and a complete counterfeiting plant, while the ariumite that Farrell had delivered in the afternoon had already been partly used.

It was indeed a splendid capture—one man proved to be a chemist of some considerable skill, another a clever mechanician, and the third a man whose name had been heard more than once in financial circles—the three forming a formidable and most unscrupulous combination.

Inspector Roberts was elated, but still mystified—and at last, on the way home, he said—

"I see you have really captured these fellows, but I can't for the life of me see what connection there is between your laboratory and these out-of-the-way works."

Farrell smiled softly. "I will explain," said he.

"When I first analysed the alloy I had the same difficulty as our friends of the mint; the results would not balance.

"This could only come from the presence of some element that I had not separated by my method of analysis—a rare metal of some sort.

"This upon examination I found to be the case.

"The alloy from which the coins are produced contains a small but appreciable percentage of arium, and it is to the presence of this trace of arium that the extraordinary characteristics of the alloy are due.

"Now it is a well-known fact that the total available amount of ariumite—the rare mineral from which the metal is obtained—is very small, and it was very certain that the coiners, whoever they were, would have to ransack the market to obtain enough of this rare element that was so essential to their success.

"If, therefore, I could in any way find out who had lately been purchasing ariumite in any quantity, I opined that I should probably be very easily able to identify them with your troublesome coiners.

"My first visit after leaving you yesterday was to Anthony Carr, a mineralogist of Holborn, and I there found that someone *had* been buying ariumite, but through the medium of another firm, Greyson and Co., of Aldgate.

"Under the pretence of wishing to buy some ariumite I next visited them, and from them found that their customers were a rather mysterious firm of brass-founders at Stratford.

"They were sending a parcel of ariumite to-day, so I revealed my identity, and arranged with Greyson to let me take the mineral to them myself in the guise of a carter.

"I saw enough when I reached the works this afternoon to confirm my suspicions, and then—well, the rest you know."

[Next Week: THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.]

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# NAME HUNTING COMPETITION: RAILWAY STATIONS.

## 1st Prize: £25.
## 2nd Prize: £10.
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**Special Prize for Ladies.** *A six-guinea costume, which the winner may have made anywhere and send the bill to us.*

In the event of ladies winning the first cash prize, the Special Prize will go to the lady next most nearly correct. Should gentlemen win the first cash prize, the Special Prize will go to the lady most nearly correct. In the event of a tie it will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

On the next column will be found thirty sets of words, each set describing the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the name of which will be found in Bradshaw's Railway Guide.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those places you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

### Note These Facts. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
3. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and get a copy of *Pearson's Weekly* dated March 20th, in which another coupon appears.
4. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently, and must be pinned together.
5. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.
6. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and those selected as winners may be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive coupons containing the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

The prizes are all offered by *Pearson's Weekly*.

Cut to edge—>

*Example:*

Opposite north; protects ..... South Shields.

1. An indefinite article ..... 1 .....
2. Buildings for storing grain ..... 2 .....
3. Of greater size ..... 3 .....
4. Desecrate ..... 4 .....
5. Circular tree ..... 5 .....
6. Only paved road ..... 6 .....
7. Opposite east valley ..... 7 .....
8. Cling to ..... 8 .....
9. Harden by heat sufficiently ..... 9 .....
10. Third month ..... 10 .....
11. Small part devoured ..... 11 .....
12. Courageous ..... 12 .....
13. Richard's on stream ..... 13 .....
14. D above harbour ..... 14 .....
15. Huntsman's horn ..... 15 .....
16. To take exercise ..... 16 .....
17. A young salmon ..... 17 .....
18. A large tooth; a ditch ..... 18 .....
19. A cyclist ..... 19 .....
20. A ferry boat; to befall ..... 20 .....
21. Proclamation; inter ..... 21 .....
22. A manor ..... 22 .....
23. Finest timber ..... 23 .....
24. Horsefly; paved road ..... 24 .....
25. Part of the ear ..... 25 .....
26. A small spade ..... 26 .....
27. Resin from fir trees ..... 27 .....
28. Plastic earth; angry ..... 28 .....
29. To be careful ..... 29 .....
30. Support ..... 30 .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cut to edge—>

**Get *Pearson's Weekly*, dated March 20th. On sale next Friday. Another coupon appears in it.**

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# A Lovers' Quarrel.

He thrust his hands into his pockets. She envied him his ability to do so, but compromised by twisting her fingers tightly together behind her back.

From her standpoint she felt that things never could be the same again. It wasn't that she blamed him for caring because she had seen too much of Tom Wells. She had rather enjoyed his jealousy at first.

She liked to see him standing by, clenching his hands and growing pale, because she knew that it was all because of love for her. But when the battle was finally on, when he had got her alone and come to the point, things changed. Instead of having him at her mercy, he, in some way, seemed to have her at his.

"There now, little girl, it's all over, and we might as well kiss and make up. I know you were thoughtless. You didn't mean to hurt me by your flirting with that little, insignificant schoolboy, so we'll forget all about it. Come, lift up your head, Trix, and——"

Trix did lift up her head, but Ewing stepped back, all at once realising that the lips weren't quite so coaxingly sweet as usual. Her chin seemed to have lost its dimple; her eyes might have been hard if there had not lurked in them a trace of hurt pleading. But her voice was very calm and even as she answered slowly:

"You seem to forget that I may have something to say about whether or not you will kiss me; also you don't seem to remember that you yourself left college only last June, just a year ahead of this other little insignificant schoolboy.

"I am almost afraid," she went on, taking on a superior tone of condescension, as though the new feminine ideas were really rooted in her dear little soul—"I'm almost afraid that men who have broad shoulders and have won questionable fame in a brutal football team when at college, somehow grow to let their physical power dominate their motives as well.

"Mr. Philip Ewing, you can't carry me before you just because your arms are strong. A woman admires fine proportions in a man, but not after he betrays that his muscle and brawn are mightier factors in his life than gentle manliness. To think about it, I don't know but I prefer Mr. Tom Wells' lack of stature, with its attendant abundance of honour and honesty, to Mr. Philip Ewing's six feet of pompous stubbornness."

She was frightened at herself, for she hadn't meant to say so much, but when she had begun she could not find a place to stop. Then, too, she rather enjoyed seeing him wince, and when he drew in his breath with a quick start of pain at her fling at his "questionable fame," she was goaded on by an irresistible power to show him, once for all, that she wasn't going to be wax in his hands.

She was too angry to consider. Pride had overpowered her love, and as she went on the big fellow only looked at the tiny fury in speechless amazement, crushed, hurt, astounded at her sarcastic deluge.

At last she finshed. He bowed his head as if to go and then turned, holding out the dear, strong arms, where she would have given worlds to creep if only she could have done so without a sacrifice to her pride, and all he said was:

"Beatrice, for Heaven's sake, don't make this mistake. Remember, dear, that you once loved me; that I was the first man you loved; that you were the first girl I loved. You can't go to someone else. I won't let another man have you and kiss you and tell you things I have told you."

But this tiny embodiment of the new woman's determination to teach man his place set her teeth and only smiled at him—smiled just as amusedly as he had smiled at her in the beginning of the little dispute which now had reached such alarming proportions.

Poor Philip stood and waited, holding out his empty arms, and she merely smiled. So he turned and went, but the new woman received a terrible shock the instant the door closed behind him, for Miss Beatrice threw herself on a mountain of cushions and indulged in a deluge of good salt tears.

There was that tea that very afternoon where she was going to pour. It would never do in the world not to go, for the girls must never dream that she cared, but she choked again as she remembered that he had promised to drop in near the end with a few of the men. And she knew what that meant, for had he not "dropped" in every afternoon during the season, ostensibly to have her hand him a cup of tea?

And hadn't he learnt to bring enough of the other fellows with him to keep the rest of the girls busy, so that he and tiny Bee could have their little talk all alone? In fact, it was at the end of the big, bewildering reception at which her mother had introduced her at the beginning of the winter that he had first dared to tell her his love—there, when the few last guests were lingering in the hall and she had crept back to one of the farther tables, a little, flushed, weary maid in a quaint, snowy gown, a bud already beginning to tire of the fierce light beating on her dear, dazed head.

She never afterwards could remember just how it came about, but it began when his sleeve caught on some of the shining bits of silver among the ferns before her, and—and—well, she was crying softly on his shoulder in less than a moment, both of them so oblivious of everything else that they didn't wake till mamma stood before them with a startled cry.

Then they had to tell mamma, even before they had really told each other very much, but papa liked Phil's father, so it had come out all right in the end.

They had told everybody by this time, and the society columns had printed the date of their wedding, with a list of the bridesmaids, and she had ordered the beloved gown, with its frightfully long train and its stern air of severe matronly elegance.

And now there wouldn't be any wedding at all, and the girls would give back the pretty pearl hearts she had presented to them as her attendants, and mamma would be so ashamed of her that she would probably be sent abroad for a year or two.

That wouldn't amount to much, however, as it would take her away from Philip, and of course she must learn as soon as possible to bear the parting. Did it take long to mend a heart? she questioned, in the midst of the big, wet pillow.

Why was it women ever were made to care so much for men if men were so cruel? Of course it was all Philip's fault.

He had certainly never been in earnest with her, she supposed, and took this way to show it when he grew tired of her. Well, she would show him that women can be hard, too, and she was going to begin by breaking every masculine heart at that tea that afternoon.

"For," mused this desperate little girl, as she arrayed herself with feverish skill in the lovely new gown sent home that very morning, "I used to be glad I am pretty because Philip—no, Mr. Ewing—liked it. Now I am glad because I know it will make me all the more capable of hurting him just as he has hurt me."

Everybody marvelled at Miss Lane's vivacity, and Tom Wells fairly tingled with joy at the look she gave him when she dropped the tiny sweet cubes from her tongs into his fragile cup. But when the other guests were gone to the cloak-room and the men were waiting to escort their fluffily-clad charges to the carriages, Beatrice sat alone and forgotten.

Philip was late, and he strode past the men into the drawing-room and soon had found the table at which Beatrice was sitting.

And at the moment when she looked up to see him standing before her, with his fine head bowed, and such a cruel, white line about his lips, all she could do was to hold out her hands.

Philip took them.

"It was all my fault," she breathed.

"No; it was all mine," he whispered. Then he went on, looking into her eyes with his face strangely sad and determined:

"It has been a terrible lesson, my love, and one we must never try again. Perhaps this may not have done much harm, except"—and his voice grew husky—"there will always be that little rift in the lute. I had hoped we should never have had that to regret, but it came, and we must use it as a warning. Hasn't it been terrible enough, Beatrice, to keep us from it for ever? "Don't say it hasn't!"

Their hostess found them both so worn and yet so happy that she understood without a word.

"Come with me," was all she said, and, taking them each by the hand she led them back to a dear little room, all palms and blossoms and soft, rosy lights, and there she left them, saying, as she stole away:

"Beatrice hasn't been well or happy this afternoon, and she is all worn out now. Do you know, Mr. Ewing, that, when I am tired and heartsick, there isn't anything in the world which rests me and makes me glad so much as my husband's kiss?"

ARTHUR ANSTELL.

### She was a Victim.

"You astonish me, madam! I never should have suspected you of being a smoker of cigarettes." "I never touch them, doctor." "Why, I understood you a moment ago to say you were a victim of the cigarette craze." "I am, my husband smokes them."

### Auntie had been Nursed.

AUNTIE: "You must run in, Dolly; it is bedtime." Dolly: "But why don't you go to bed, too, if it's quite time?" Auntie: "I am not a child, my dear. It is different." Dolly: "Yes, you is a child—I've seen Mr Jones nursing you."

### The Husband Scored.

HUSBAND: "I am not ready to go out yet." Wife: "But I am, and we must go immediately." Husband: "But, my dear, your hat is not on straight." Wife: "Dear me! Isn't it? Wait a minute till I go to my room and put it right." Exit wife for half-an-hour, and shrewd husband completes his work.

### Her First Chance.

AN extremely bashful and submissive young lady, who was being forced into a marriage against her inclination, because her guardian expected to make a good thing out of the transaction, presented herself at the hymeneal altar. "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" inquired the clergyman. "My good sir," replied the young woman, "you are the first person who has consulted me about this marriage."

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# THE Associated Bank Affair.

*Being an account of the luck attending another enterprise of the "Montague and Fitchett Syndicate"; and of the part Lester Wylde — alias Philip Lester — alias Cyrus Hoffman — played in the business.*

## CHAPTER I.

### A Conversation and its Consequences.

"EDIE!"

"Ye—s!" in a girl's shrill treble, through the half open door of the dressing-room.

"Come here, quick, if you're dressed! I've something to tell you!"

The first speaker, a tall spare, sallow-faced, but keen-eyed man of two or three-and-thirty, was conning with much apparent interest, the front advertisement sheet of the *Times*, at the waiting breakfast-table in the sitting-room of a private suite at the Hotel Salisbury.

"Well, what is it, Phil?"

She was certainly very sweet and winning, this piquante, *petite* Mrs. Cyrus Hoffman, of San Francisco.

Her husband evidently thought so, for he laid down his paper, looked up at her, and smiled his satisfaction.

"Well!" she repeated, with just a little frown of impatient curiosity, "Anything good?"

"Very good; if my suspicions are correct—and I think they are. Listen!" And he took up the *Times* again.

"The Associated Banking Co., Limited, 1001, Strand, W.C. Assets, £2,000,000. Fifteen per cent. allowed on deposits of £5 and upwards, on three months' notice of withdrawal. Twenty per cent. on twelve months' ditto. Interest paid quarterly. Loans from £25 and upwards negotiated on favourable terms. A few founder's shares—paying seventeen per cent.—on hand for disposal. All communications and applications to F. M. MORTIMER, Secretary."

"Well, Phil, I don't quite see!"

"Don't you? I made sure you would. Usually you can see very nearly as far as I can myself; which is a great compliment, my dear!"

"Explain, please."

"Have you forgotten Persia, yet?"

"Persia! What has Persia got to do with a London Bank?"

"Much; if you look at things in the right light. See here, Edie! Who were the dear 'had ones' in our little Persian transaction?"

"Why—why—the Montague man, and—and—"

"Yes?"

"Fitchett!—Mortimer Fitchett—Oh! I think I know now, Phil! You've got an idea that the syndicate is at work again, and that—that—"

"Secretary Mortimer is our old friend Mortimer Fitchett. Quite right! I've more than an idea, I'm sure of it; and as I know that both that gentleman and his partner love me much on the old account, I have a fancy to beat them again at their own game."

"But how, Phil—how?"

"Well, it is impossible to settle on any definite plan yet. One thing is certain, neither of them must know we are in London. As a matter of fact, we shall only remain here for, say, four days, and be in Paris on Sunday. However, I don't suppose (unless they see me, which I will take care they do not) that they imagine I am within a couple of thousand miles of the British Metropolis."

"Is there anything that I can do?"

"Yes; come with me directly after breakfast in the brougham to Coutts' Bank. When I have cashed one of my circular letters on them, I will give you a hundred pounds. This you will take with you (making use of the brougham) to this—this same Associated Bank; open an account in your own name—as a widow—ask to see the secretary, and ply your prettiest wiles to pump him for all he's worth."

"I see."

"That's all right! Now, look smart over breakfast, there's a dear girl; for my fingers are itching to put a spoke in Messrs. Montague and Fitchett's wheel. This time I don't seek to make anything; I just want to see if, like wise men, they have profited by the advice that I gave them in my letter of August last year. That's all!"

"Splendid, Phil! Don't you feel quite virtuous at the bare idea of rendering so great a service to society as the unmasking of these two rogues?"

"Why, yes! It's rather a different matter, this, to our Persian experiment, isn't it? Cyrus Hoffman has other interests than had Lest——"

"S—h! Phil! Walls have ears, and doors key-holes."

"So they have. But I suppose I am getting reckless with prosperity."

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"What name am I to use when making this deposit with—our late friends?"

"The one you stopped me from uttering just now; Lester—Mrs. Cyrus Lester, of—well, of the Hotel Salisbury. That address will do as well as any other."

Breakfast over, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hoffman carried out their programme to the letter.

Coutts' first; there they parted company. The gentleman, after handing twenty five-pound notes to his wife, seeing her off eastwards, in the carriage, while he, hailing a hansom, drove back to the hotel.

Except a few Americans, the hotel was very empty. One or two county people, up for shopping, or kindred business, being almost the sum of the native contingent.

Hoffman, ever observant, had noticed among the the latter a couple, middle-aged and agriculturally aristocratic, who somehow peculiarly attracted him.

"Sir Arthur Stanesby, Bart., of Stanesby Moat, Lincolnshire, and lady," appeared on the hotel register, and it was not long before, over a cigar, and a bottle of "dry," the former, and Cyrus Hoffman became—conversationally, at least—friendly.

"It is time Edie was back," said Hoffman to himself, as he sat opposite to Sir Arthur in the big bay window of the smoking-room, overlooking the street.

Then, for a brief while, the talk between the two men turned upon stocks and shares and money affairs generally.

"Now," said Sir Arthur emphatically, "you would never guess what it is that has brought me up to town at this dead-and-alive time of the year!"

"No," replied the other, politely acquiescent. "It sn't at all likely; seeing that your private matters are, naturally, a sealed book so far, that is, as I am concerned."

"Just so. But you have made it clear to me, Mr. Hoffman, that you are something of an expert on the subject of money investment; and I am tempted, therefore, to violate good breeding, by asking, on so short an acquaintance, your advice with regard to a contemplated purchase of certain shares in a new financial undertaking, said purchase involving also the deposit at good interest of the remainder of my fortune."

"A new undertaking, Sir Arthur! May I ask particulars?"

"Certainly. Some time ago I had staying with me at Stanesby Moat a friend of my son's, a company director—Captain Montague."

"Captain Montague! That's curious!"—reflectively.

"Do you know him?"

"Well—er—slightly; haven't seen him for some time, though. But go on, please. I am more than interested."

"Ah! Glad I thought to consult you about it. Well, among other things relating to City matters, Captain Montague happened to mention on one occasion that one of the three companies with which he was directorally connected, was the Associated Banking Co., which he assured me was the best investment in the market."

"And you——?"

"I am up in London now to sell out my railway-stock; purchase Associated Bank shares, and to transfer my current and deposit accounts to the latter."

"Sir Arthur, you have asked my advice, and you must not take offence at the bluntness of it. Is this Captain Montague in town?"

INFLUENZA

or

BOVRIL?

Which will you have?

"Oh, yes, he is coming here this afternoon to fetch me, and to himself introduce me to the other directors, and to the secretary of the bank."

"And is the sum large that you propose to invest in this manner?"

"A trifle over twenty thousand pounds."

"Now, Sir Arthur! a few hours ago you did not know that I even existed, and you only have my bare word that I am that which I say I am. Assuming, however, that I am sincere, and that my advice is good, will you consent to conduct this transaction with the Associated Bank just according as I shall direct, always supposing that my one object is to do you a good turn."

The baronet for a moment seemed to be taken aback, but soon came to the conclusion that his new friend knew what he was talking about, and really desired to render him a service.

"Well, Mr. Hoffman, it may, of course, appear strange that I should agree to put myself and my affairs in your hands, but I am so confident that you know something that will materially benefit me, that not to do so would be suicidal as towards myself, and an undoubted and direct insult to you."

"Thanks! In the first place, then, receive Captain Montague as you have arranged, and lead him to imagine that you are unable this afternoon to complete the business, but that to-morrow at noon, you will attend at the bank to 'hand over' and to 'receive.'"

"But this almost implies distrust of the captain, and of his company!"

"Let that question rest for the present. After Captain Montague has gone I will let you know how to proceed to-morrow."

At this moment a servant summoned Hoffman away. He hurried to their private sitting-room to find his wife impatiently awaiting him.

"Well?" he queried, excitedly.

"As you thought! I have seen Fitchett, who has so far over-reached himself as to boast to me of a rich new client whom one of the directors hopes to introduce to-day, and who is expected to invest a large fortune in the bank stock, and so on."

"Bravo, Edie! You're a daisy, my girl! We've got them again, as sure as their names are not what they profess to be. Wait a bit, I'm just going downstairs for a minute!"

Two seconds later he joined the baronet again.

"Sir Arthur," he said. "It's the best day's work you ever did when you asked my advice. I apologised to you a while since for being a little free with it, but I've learnt something during the last five minutes, and I say now, that if you want to serve yourself, and at the same time do your duty, as a magistrate and as a good citizen, you *must* be guided by me."

"Well, but what is it—what is wrong?"

"Only this, Sir Arthur! Captain Montague, his colleagues in the bank, the very bank itself, are a fraud, a delusion, and a snare! I know this, never mind how, but I know this, and the men who are responsible for the swindle know that I know, if there is any virtue in thought transference as between criminal and detective."

## CHAPTER II.

### The Skeleton in the Bank Cupboard.

Mr. F. M. Mortimer (as prospectus) secretary, manager, and chairman of the board of directors of the Associated Banking Co., Ltd., was ill at ease.

Always of a hungrily-lean personality, he seemed to be more attenuated than ever, while suspicion and apprehension unmistakable gleamed in his ferret-like little eyes.

"What in the name of goodness does this mean? Monty meeting with a put-off! There's something I don't understand! I wish he'd turn up. There wasn't time last night to tell me much, and for aught I know, somebody may call before I've got the strength of things."

It was the morning after Cyrus Hoffman's talk with Sir Arthur Stanesby, and Mortimer (or Fitchett, rather, to give him his right name) sat alone, a victim to unpleasant suspense, by the fire in the board-room.

Shortly after ten o'clock Montague appeared, in much the same frame of mind as his partner.

"Now then!" snarled Fitchett, "just tell me exactly how things stand. I shouldn't be a little surprised if you haven't trumped my card and lost us the odd trick. If you have I'll—well—I'll spoil you for ever doing it again."

"Then why didn't you do the negotiating yourself! Who first got the man and induced him to come up to London, prepared to put his money on our horse?"

"That's nothing to brag about!" replied the other savagely, "if you stop at that and say or do something so rankly idiotic that all you've done goes for nothing, or perhaps worse."

"Now look here," said Montague, his voice ringing mischief, "who made you my 'boss,' and schoolmaster-in-chief? If you'd been in my place you'd have done as I did, and have come out much about the same. I couldn't help the change in the old boy's arrangements, all I *could* do was to make the best of it, and do my 'level' to keep the game going to a finish."

Fitchett did not answer directly, but sat looking into the fire, and gnawing his finger-nails in nervously meditative fashion.

"Get a Bradshaw!" he snapped out at last, springing up himself, and going over to a big, pretentious-looking safe let into the wall, which he opened with a small key attached to his watch-guard.

"Look slippy, I tell you!" he repeated, and emphasising the remark with an oath, seeing that the other still sat on in sulky disinclination to move.

"Do you want to save your skin, you fool? Can't you see that *someone* not *something* has come between us and Stanesby? Quick, turn up in Bradshaw all information *re* getting to Paris before to-morrow morning—before midnight to-night, if possible!"

While speaking, he was tumbling out the contents of the safe on to the floor; bonds, scrip, notes, little bags of gold, soon lay in a mixed heap, at which Fitchett dashed, cramming his pockets and two small Gladstones, and consigning hands full of papers of all sorts to the flames.

The safe was one of those usual to banks, being in the nature of a large iron cupboard, shelved on its three sides, and with its bottom level with the floor of the room.

Before opening it Fitchett had closed and locked the door communicating with the outer, or public office, where a staff of two cashiers and four clerks was employed in the usual routine of a banking establishment.

"Well!" demanded Fitchett presently, when nothing remained of the safe's contents except a fair-sized heap of ashes on the tiled hearth, and a scattered display of empty money-bags and torn pieces of paper on the floor. "Have you got it? Ordinary train to Folkestone? Yes, that's better than the boat express! Go on, what time does it start? Half-past-eleven! We can just catch it! Where from? London Bridge. You go

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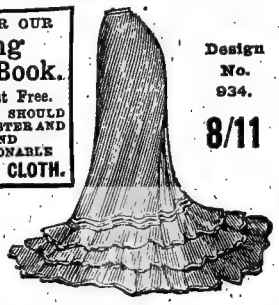

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out first, take a hansom! tell the man to drive like the dickens!—buy the tickets and wait at the train-side for me. It's a quarter to eleven now!"

Hastily unlocking the door of communication, Montague assumed an air of unconcern as he passed through the outer office, hailed a passing hansom, and dashed off as fast as the Strand traffic would let him, in the direction of London Bridge.

Scarcely a minute after another cab drew up before the door of 1001, out of which stepped Cyrus Hoffman and Sir Arthur Stanesby.

It was the latter who addressed a request to the cashier to see the secretary on important business.

It so happened that when Montague passed through, everybody thought that Fitchett accompanied him, the counter being crowded at the time with customers.

"Mr. Mortimer is out, sir," was therefore the reply. "Just gone out."

"When will he be in?"

"I really can't say. Is it anything I can do for you; the opening of an account, or——"

"No," said Hoffman, speaking for the first time. "We will wait a bit on the chance of his coming in soon. We must see him personally."

No one saw the white face of the secretary looking through an ingeniously contrived narrow slit in the door between the panel mouldings.

Not a sound came from the room. To all intents and purposes the cashier was right, and the room empty.

As is very unusual in such cases, there was no second outlet from it, so that, like a rat in a trap, Fitchett could only hope to tire out his beleaguerers.

At the end of half-an-hour, Hoffman, without consulting anyone behind the counter, suddenly moved toward the inner-room door and opened it.

It was a faint click apparently from within, which had caught his ear and prompted his action.

Throwing open the door the disordered state of the room struck him at once as suspicious.

*The safe was shut.*

Before he could call to Sir Arthur to join him, a clerk hurried forward and remonstrated warmly.

"My good fellow!" said Cyrus Hoffman quietly, "Don't distress yourself, except, perhaps, in that by this time to-morrow you will be out of a situation."

"But——"

"There, there!" interrupted the American impatiently, "Call in a policeman—or two, if you can find them."

It was now the baronet's turn to appear non-plussed.

"My dear sir, what are you going to do?" he asked. "What do you suspect?"

"Oh, just a clever little stage trick, that's all!"

As he spoke Mrs. Hoffman walked into the bank and handed in her cheque over the counter for £100.

This was a bit of business "upon her own," as it were, her husband having given her full permission to get the money if she could, and to keep it for her own private use.

It seemed that no cheques were paid out except on reference to the secretary-manager, and as he was out, payment was, for the time being, refused.

This alone would have been sufficient to "tell the tale," but when an hour later, in the presence of an inspector of police and two constables, a locksmith and his assistant forced the safe in the private room, its inside revealing Secretary Mortimer Fitchett with the whole of his plunder on and at the side of him, the whole affair took on its true complexion.

"A near shave of getting boxed up for good," said the inspector, chuckling. "Never meant to pull the safe door right to, did you? Why, if it isn't Fitchett! There's a piece of paper wandering round after you, my friend; so we'll see if we can't bring you together."

"Inspector, there is my card!" said Sir Arthur, "and I charge this man with attempting to obtain twenty thousand pounds from me by fraudulent representations. Mr. Hoff—— why, where is the gentleman who came in with me," he asked of an open-mouthed junior clerk.

"Went out, sir," was the stammered answer, "just as the smith gave the last prize at the safe."

"That's most extraordinary! Oh, well, I shall find him at the hotel when I get back."

But he didn't, for the porter said in reply to inquiry that Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hoffman had left the hotel more than an hour before; it was believed for the Continent. They took care to keep out of the way of the police in case their connection with the Great Shah Syndicate might be discovered.

* * * * *

The energetic promoter and secretary of the "Associated Bank" paid, with a term of ten years' penal servitude, the little account between himself and an indignant public.

It was one of the very few accounts he may be said to have ever paid in full.

Small depositors, and defrauded shareholders, alone were left mourning, for though the money found packed ready for removal went a little way towards reimbursement, it was only a very little way, and, although Sir Arthur Stanesby has cause for self gratulation on the score of his lucky escape, not a few who could ill afford to lose their money bitterly regret to this day their temporary faith in the "Associated Banking Co.," and its founders.

Ralph Enderby.

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## Pursued by Savages.

A True Story by a London ex-Constable.

"It's no use, Mary, women *do* admire brave men, and properly so, too, I think. Now just you read this series of experiences through which this officer passed in the execution of, not his mere duty, but one of the bravest deeds ever done."

So saying, Edith Avondale handed her friend an issue of the morning paper which contained the following sensational statement:—"My name is Alexander Robert Heffernan, and I live at 53 Archel Road, Fulham.

"We—the Heffernan's—are quite a soldier's family. I married a soldier's daughter, and each of my sisters is the wife of a soldier. I was in the North Staffs. Infantry Regiment—better known as "the 64th" for twelve years, and went through the second Zulu campaign, during which, on one occasion, Cetewayo's son, with an enormous army of gigantic black warriors, made us run. It was a good job we did too, for we were fearfully outnumbered, and had we not retreated, there would not have been one of us left alive. However, in the end we came out all right; and in 1891 I came home from Africa, and joined the Metropolitan police force.

"I was always a good athlete. They made me one of the T Division Metropolitan Police Cricket Team the very year I joined. I bowled in every match, usually taking the largest number of wickets, and I made the record number of top scores. The District Railway Cricket Team also used to get me to play for them.

"And how did you come to have to be pensioned off?" queried the reporter. "Ah," replied the ex-constable. "It was all through that affair in the Regent's Canal. It was on the afternoon of February 26th, 1897. I was on duty, when I was told that a man had jumped into the Regent's Canal. Rushing to the place I threw off my overcoat, and dived in to rescue him. The water at that point is made very poisonous by the refuse from the chemical works and the gasworks in the district draining into it, and the chemicals were fizzing and spluttering in the water all around us as we struggled. I was struggling in the poisonous water for twenty minutes. The man cursed me terribly, and continued to try and free himself in order to jump back into the water, even when I got him on the bank. It was some time before I could get my wet clothes changed, and I caught a terrible chill. But that was not the worst of it. The poison had got into my system and the stuff which killed the man I had rescued—for he died a few weeks after from poisoning—nearly killed me too! I began by being unable to digest my food, or even to keep it on my stomach. As soon as I had taken a meal I vomited it all back again. Of course I was placed on the sick list, and the police doctor told me that the poison in the water, which I had swallowed, had completely destroyed the coating of my stomach. The police were very kind to me, and sent me down to the Convalescent Home at Brighton twice. After the second visit I had to go back to my own home very bad indeed. I was so weak that when I attempted to walk I went blind, and had to cling to anything near me to prevent me from falling. I had fearful night sweats, and would often be seized with a kind of cramp, which seemed to be in my very bones. I could not retain food or nourishment, except in minute quantities—just enough to keep me alive

"I next went into Brompton Hospital, and there they declared it impossible to satisfactorily diagnose my ailments. For two years I remained in the police force, suffering in this way, and during the two years I was only able to put in three months' duty. Seeing that I was practically done for, in January 1899, I was given a special pension, and retired from the force.

"I continued to suffer as badly as ever, and went to the Seaford Hospital in Sussex. They gave me every attention but after a month's treatment I came back worse than ever. No matter how tempting and light the food which was prepared, I vomited all I took, and the very sight of food made me sick! I became reduced in weight to just over 10 stone, and I was as weak as a kitten. The vomiting, the pain across the stomach, and in the back, the night sweats and the cramping sensations continued until September in last year.

"In that month I tried some Bile Beans. A few doses made me somehow feel livelier, so I went in for a course, in order to give them a fair trial. By the time I had taken a few boxes I was a different man. The vomiting had stopped, and the dull, aching pain at the pit of the stomach had gone. Every day I got stronger and stronger. The cramp and the night-sweats stopped, the specks and flashes before my eyes disappeared, I became able to walk without needing support, and at night I enjoyed sound, refreshing sleep. To cut a long story short, I am now quite cured. The effects of the poison have been driven out of the system by the Beans and my stomach and digestive organs seem to have been re-made. I have eaten so well that I have gained twenty-one pounds in weight and am still adding to it. For the first time for nearly five years I was able to eat and enjoy a good Christmas dinner.

"Two months ago I was able to restart work as attendant in a picture gallery. For three weeks before Christmas I was at work there from half-past eight o'clock in the morning to half-past eleven at night, Saturdays included, and I did not feel fatigued with it.

"In my case Bile Beans seem to have worked a miracle. Publish my statement by all means, and let as many people as possible know that, amongst all the advertised remedies, there is one which does not depend for its sale on mere written advertisements, but upon living men and women whom it has saved from the grave. My case is one instance of its power, and the medicine is Chas. Forde's Bile Beans."

The above quoted account is true in every detail and was told to a London *Sun* reporter who interviewed Mr. Heffernan. The great lessons to be learned from it are these: Don't compare Bile Beans with ordinary medicine. They are entirely different and superior. Don't think that, because ordinary prescriptions and remedies have failed to cure a certain case, that Bile Beans will necessarily fail also. Finally, don't think that any case is too bad for Bile Beans to touch.


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*Short Stories*, March 15th, 1902.

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### No Chance.

School Teacher (trying to explain what a brother-in-law is): "Now, look here, my boy, have you a sister?" Tommy: "Ah, sir, it's no good, she has three young men already. You wouldn't be in it."

### Very Good Reason.

Mrs. Burns has two boys and loves both tenderly. John, the younger, said: "Mamma, I love you more than you do me." "I think not, my dear. But why do you think so?" "Because you have two children and I have only one mother."

### Once Bitten!

He (shortly after the introduction): "Excuse me, miss, but do you think you could ever love me if—well—if you should try?" She: "Well, I must say this is——" He: "Oh, don't be offended. It cost me more than £100 to find out whether the last one loved me or not, and I've got to economise, you know."

### She Wanted a Copy.

Mistress: "I found in your room a letter of mine that had been taken out of my writing-case. What is the meaning of this?" Cook: "Oh, ma'am, I only wanted to copy it for my sweetheart." Mistress: "What can he want with it?" Cook: "Please, ma'am, he's in the Army, and he doesn't know how to write me a love-letter."

### Better Thus.

Miss Saged (to veterinary surgeon): "Oh dear, Mr. Simpkins, I am so afraid dear little Fido is going to have rabies." Mr. Simpkins (after careful examination): "Indeed, miss, I don't see any signs of it." Miss Saged (caressing him—Fido): "But his poor dear little tongue is always hanging out of his mouth." Mr. Simpkins: "That, my dear madam, is in accordance with a merciful dispensation of Providence. You see if it hung out of his ear, he might experience some little difficulty in drinking."

### A Use For 'Liza Jane.

It took a shopkeeper in Oxford Street the other day every dram of will-power he possessed to keep from laughing outright at an old lady from the country who came to his establishment and began examining some pieces of cheap calico. She pulled at one piece first this way, then that, wetted it and rubbed it with her fingers to try if the colours were fast. Then she paused awhile, as if not yet satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with a pair of scissors, and, and handing it to a gawky-looking girl of about sixteen standing by her side, said: "Here, 'Liza Jane, you chew that an' see if it fades." 'Liza Jane raised it to her mouth and solemnly went to work.

### Only Sheep.

Wealthy Stranger "Yes; and I made my money, every farthing of it, by my pen." Tompkins: "Ah! a novelist, or a dramatist, maybe?" Wealthy Stranger: "Not me. I used to keep a sheep farm in New Zealand."

### Catching a Husband.

An Austrian provincial paper lately contained the following advertisement: "A widow, who still possesses the entire wardrobe of her deceased husband, is disposed to enter into correspondence with a suitable gentleman, if such can be found, with a view to matrimony."

### It Wouldn't Have Done.

"I can't give you any money. A stout, able-bodied fellow like you ought to be earning a living." "But I haven't any work, sir." "That's your own fault, I'll venture to say. You lack energy. You don't throw yourself into your work." "I wouldn't like to! Nor would you, sir." "Oh, I wouldn't, eh? Why not?" "I'm a gravedigger."

### They would be Needed.

"Miranda," said the proprietor, "do you know anything about the parson that is going to have charge of the church in the next street hereafter?" "Yes," replied the saleswoman, "he's a tall, fine-looking man, about twenty-eight, and isn't married." "Miranda," said the proprietor, briskly, "you may put all the new bonnets in the shop in that front window at once."

### Too Lazy for That.

"I hear that your brother is given to somnambulism?" "What's that?" "He walks in his sleep." "Well, that makes me smile. You don't know my brother. He is the laziest man in London. He wouldn't walk in his sleep, no matter how sound asleep he was. He is altogether too lazy I might not be surprised to hear that he had ridden in a 'bus in his sleep, but as for his walking, that is out of the question. He doesn't walk when he is wide awake if he can help it."

### His Advice Wasn't Taken.

"Remember dear," said the venerable father, as he sent his youngest and most petted daughter away to boarding-school, "that all my hopes are now centred on you. Remember in all your struggles for intellectual supremacy, your triumphs, your defeats, and your temptations, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." "I will, father," replied the weeping girl, and the train bore her away. Will it be believed that three years later that girl married a man who bore the villainous name of Gandershanks?


## ENGAGED GIRLS!

It is always interesting to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiassed. If you want to know what sort of a person you are, send a specimen of your handwriting to

*RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.,* inclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

# The Brain Gymnasium.

In these competitions a prize of £1 1s. will be awarded each week to the competitor whose attempt we receive giving the correct solution of all the puzzles. If more than one is absolutely correct the prize of £1 1s. will be given to the first correct attempt dealt with.

If no lists of absolutely correct solutions are sent in, the first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is first dealt with showing the fewest mistakes.

Each week we shall award, in addition to the above, either ten of our gold-plated pencil-cases or ten popular novels, to be distributed amongst the competitors whose attempts are absolutely correct and have failed to win the first prize, or, if no complete lists of correct solutions are received, to those whose attempts show the fewest mistakes.

Write all your solutions on one side only of the paper, putting the number against each. Post the batch in an envelope marked "Brain Gymnasium, Nos. 67—72." to reach the Editor, *Short Stories*, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., by first post on Monday, March 24th, 1902.

The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding.

Readers are invited to submit puzzles, acrostics, conundrums, word-squares, etc., for publication on this page. A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each reader whose attempts are used. All attempts must be vouched for as original, and, of course, it is distinctly understood that the sender of a puzzle must neither compete in the competition nor divulge to anyone the solution. Any reader found infringing this rule will be severely dealt with.

### No. 67. LETTERS CUMULATIVE.

The figures in the following lines indicate the number of letters in the missing word. Each word must consist of the same letters as the preceding one with the addition of another.

1 Barnum show is ours, 2 which you see
Performing insects 3 and 4 and flea.
The 5 with the dwarf divides his food,
The ostrich-man is eating iron, wood,
And even 7 to a small extent,
Thus 8 the scheme by Nature meant.
One minstrel plays 9, fifes and drums,
The 10 artist fain would eat his thumbs.
Such freaks, exciting pity, wonder, mirth,
Attend our 11 around the earth.

### No. 68. CHARADE.

In FIRST, as in a book is read,
By science on earth's page—
Like crowsfeet on Dame Terra's face—
The secret of her age.

And not alone in FIRST is seen
The record of the past;
For many a NEXT, with sparkling light,
Their gleam from FIRST have cast.

My WHOLE, a subtle plan employed,
In love or weary war;
Or, from my FIRST to snatch a NEXT
It hath been used before

### No. 69. WORD DIAMOND.

From equivalents of the following form a diamond such that the words signified read the same both horizontally and vertically:

A consonant; an article in daily use; a palace for the wives of an Eastern noble; a degree of honour; a doctrine which a person believes; part of a verb, meaning to satisfy; a consonant.

### No. 70. ACROSTIC.

The initials of equivalents of the following read downwards will give the name of a favourite summer pastime:

A fish; an island in the Mediterranean Sea; a country in North America; a town in Switzerland; a part of the body; an article of dress; an elevation; a fluid; a division of time; a flower.

### No. 71. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

Place the numbers from 1 to 49 in a magical square so that the sum of each horizontal and diagonal line may be 175.

### No. 72. WORD SQUARE.

From equivalents of the following form a word square:

To fleece; a place of safety; to prevent; a well-known author; to go into.

## Result of "Brain Gymnasium," Nos. 43 to 48.

The prize of £1 1s. has been awarded to Mr. Thomas Howard, of Swini, Holderness, East Yorks.

A book has been forwarded to:

H. Daws, 7 Hampden Terrace, Lockwood Street, Hull.
Miss J. Lawlor, 38 Douglas Street, Cork.
W. J. Barter, 38 Douglas Street, Cork.
J. Stokoe, 9 Suffolk Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
J. G. Usher, Baltinglass Rectory, co. Wicklow.
M. W. Daws, 7 Hampden Terrace, Lockwood Street, Hull.
Miss E. Bulleid, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate, E.
Miss D. Ryan, 21 Abbots Road, East Ham.
J. J. C. Robinson, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate.
H. Robinson, 60 Sherrard Road, Forest Gate.

### SOLUTIONS.

43. Lanark, Leith, Aberdeen, Yeovil, Oxford, Oldham, Wolverhampton, Glasgow, London, Hawick, Leven.

44. BOW-LING. BOWLING.

45. Fun-era-l. Funeral.

46. Seven. Even. Eve.

47. Spaniel. Setter. Dingo. Rach. Talbot. Tike.

48. ISLE
SOIL
LIPS
ELSE

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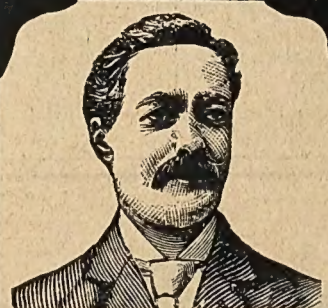

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